THE

RAMAYANA

OF

VALMIKI

Translated into English.

VOL. I.

BALAKANDA



SRIRANGAM:

SRI VANI VILAS PRESS.

1917.

To

His Highness the Maharaja

SRI KRISHNARAJA WADIYAR BAHADUR G.C.S.I.

Maharaja of Mysore

Whom His Holiness the Late Jagadguru

of Sringeri appropriately styled

" Dharma Mulam"

"The Source of Virtue"

This Translation of the story of Sri Rama

"The Embodiment of Virtue"

is with kind permission most respectfully

Dedicated

by

T. K. BALASUBRAHMANYA AIYAR

as an humble token of

High Esteem.

FOREWORD.

"RAMA, the ancient idol of the heroic ages, the embodiment of truth, of morality, the ideal son, the ideal husband, the ideal father, and above all the ideal king, this Rama has been presented before us by the great sage Valmiki. No language can be purer, none chaster, none more beautiful, and at the same time simpler than the language in which the great poet has depicted the life of Rama." In such inspiring words has Swami Vivekananda spoken of the great Indian Epic, Ramayana and its hero. India feels proud of her two great epics—the Ramayana and the Mahabharata produced thousands of years ago. The Mahabharata depicts the political life of ancient India with all its valour and heroism, ambition and lofty chivalry. The Ramayana embodies the domestic and religious life of ancient India, with all its tenderness and sweetness, its

endurance and devotion. The Ramayana is still a living tradition and a living faith. It forms the basis of the moral instruction of a Nation, and it is a part of the lives of two hundred millions of people. It is in the delineation of domestic incidents, domestic affections and domestic jealousies, which are appreciated by the Prince and the peasant alike, that the Ramayana bases its appeal to the hearts of the millions in India. And beyond all this the righteous devotion of Rama and the faithfulness and womanly love of Sita, run like two threads of gold through the whole fabric of the Epic and ennoble and sanctify the work in the eye of the Hindus. Rama and Sita are the Hindu ideals of a Perfect Man and a Perfect Woman; their truth under trials and temptations, their endurance under privations, and their devotion to duty under all vicissitudes of fortune, form the Hindu ideal of a Perfect Life. In this respect the Ramayana gives us a true picture of Hindu faith and Dharma. And if trial and endurance are a part of the Hindu's ideal of a man's life, devotion and self-abnegation are still more essentially a part

of his ideal of a woman's life. Sita holds a place in the hearts of women in India which no other creation of a poet holds among any other nations on earth. To quote the words of Swami Vivekananda once again "You may exhaust the literature of the world that is past and I may assure you, will have to exhaust the literature of the world of the future, before finding another Sita. Sita is unique; that character was once depicted and once for all. She is the very type of the Indian woman as she should be, for all the Indian ideals of a perfected woman have got around that one life of Sita, and here she stands, these thousands of years, commanding the worship of every man, woman or child, throughout the length and breadth of the land of Aryavarta. There she will always be, glorious Sita, purer than purity itself. all patience and all suffering. She who suffered that life of suffering without a murmur, She the ever chaste and ever pure wife, She the ideal of the people, the ideal of the gods, the great Sita, our national god she must always remain." The tale of Sita was a tale of womanly faith and self-abnegation which

charmed and fascinated the Hindu world. Repeated trials bring out in brighter relief the unfaltering truth of Sita's character. The creative imagination of the Hindus has conceived no loftier and holier character than Sita; the literature of the world has not produced a higher ideal of womanly love, truth and devotion. The Hindus naturally consider the Poem that describes the life-history of these two divine incarnations—Rama and Sita—to be as sacred as the Veda itself.

वेदवेद्ये परे पुंसि जाते दशरथात्मजे ।
वेदः प्राचेतसादासीत्साक्षाद्रामायणात्मना ॥

Almost every day millions of people read it and worship it. It has become part of their religion to read at least a portion of the book every day. For, is it not stated in the Ramayana itself—

पूजयंश्च पठंश्चेममितिहासं पुरातनम् ।
सर्वपापात्प्रमुच्येत दीर्घमायुरवाप्नुयात् ॥

Untold good is said to accrue from a faithful perusal of this most sacred work. Thus this epic is a national asset and as such every Hindu preserves a copy of it in his home and cherishes it with greatest regard and affection.

Hence it goes without saying that the Sri Vani Vilas Press, publishing as it does in an attractive form all that is good and valuable in ancient Sanskrit literature and philosophy, will not be considered to have achieved its object if it did not take up the publication of this great National Epic. The Pocket Edition of this Sacred Poem which is now being issued from this Press will be found to be an improvement over the existing editions in several ways, the chief of them being a true and faithful presentation of the South Indian readings collated from several very old Palm leaf Manuscripts. The very handy size of the volumes and the issue of the companion volumes of English Translation will greatly facilitate the study of this grand epic. The translation follows the original closely as far as possible without detriment to the English language. It is specially intended to be a help towards a correct understanding of the original by those whose knowledge of Sanskrit is not much and even for those who are entirely ignorant of Sanskrit it would serve as a good story book of ethics and morals.

The delay in the publication of this volume was due to causes beyond human control. It was due to acts of the Almighty who in His inscrutable wisdom has thought fit to shatter all my domestic happiness by means of two unbearably severe strokes. Coming as they did in quick succession within a period of seven months it is a great wonder that I am left behind with any kind of sense yet. But for these sad bereavements these volumes would have appeared punctually. I crave the kind indulgence of my readers in my present lonely condition and beg to acknowledge my sincere gratitude to His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, the illustrious ruler who follows in the footsteps of Sri Rama himself, for his heartfelt sympathies and for his kind permission to dedicate this translation to him.

T. K. Balasubrahmanyam.



THE

RAMAYANA.

BALAKANDA.



THE sage Valmiki thus questioned Narada, the foremost of ascetics, the best of the learned and the ever-devoted to penance and Vedic study.—"In all this world, just at present, who is it that is endowed with all good qualities, full of valour, conversant with Dharma, grateful, truthful and firm in vows: who is it that is full of character, that wishes well of all creatures, is learned, skilful, and alone pleasing to

behold; who is it that has known the Self, has subdued anger, is full of splendour, and is devoid of malice and whom, enraged in battle, even the gods do fear? Great is my eagerness to hear of such a personage. You are, O Maharshi, quite likely to know of a person of this description." Having heard these words of Valmiki, Narada who is familiar with the three worlds addressed him as "Do thou listen" and spoke with joy the following words.—"O hermit, many and rare are the qualities mentioned by you; yet listen, I shall after due consideration, describe to you a person endued with all of them. There is one sprung from the line of Ikshvaku, known to the world by the name of Rama. He has controlled the Self, his prowess is very great, he is full of splendour and fortitude, and he has subdued his passions. He is intelligent, just, eloquent and bright. Destroyer of all foes, he possesses broad shoulders, long arms, conch-shaped neck and massive jaw. Possessed of expansive chest he is a powerful bowman; with hidden collar bone, he tames down his enemies; his arms reach

down unto his knees; with beautiful head and fair forehead, he is endowed with wonderful might. He is symmetrical, with all his limbs set in fair proportion, has a lovely hue and is full of bravery. With manly bosom and large eyes he is graced with all auspicious imperial marks. He understands dharma, adheres to truth, is always bent upon the good of his subjects, full of fame, endowed with knowledge, pure, modest and resolute. He is like Prajapati himself, prosperous, protecting all, and thwarting evil. He gaurds mankind and maintains dharma. He practises all his dharma and preserves that of his dependents; versed in the profundities of the Vedas and the Vedangas, he is equally well accomplished in the Dhanurveda. He knows the truth of all the Sastras, has a good memory and a vivid imagination. He is the beloved of all the world, quiet, noble and discerning. He is always resorted to by the good men just as the sea is by the rivers. Honorable and impartial, he is pleasing to behold. Associated with all virtues, he enhances the joy of Kausalya. Unfathomable like the

mighty deep, he is firm as the Himalayas. The peer of Vishnu in prowess, he is lovely to behold as the Moon. Patient as Earth, but roused to ire, fierce as the world-destroying fire. In bounty like Kubera and in truth like another Dharma. Eager to do that which would be liked by all his subjects, the Emperor Dasaratha wished to instal as Yuvaraja his dear son Rama, the eldest and the best, who possessed all the above-mentioned qualities, was truly valorous and was intent on doing good to the people. Seeing the preparations for the installation of Rama, the queen Kaikeyi besought of the king two boons promised to her long ago viz., the exile of Rama and the installation of Bharata. Bound by the strings of Dharma and adhering to Truth, the king Dasaratha banished his dear son Rama. That hero obediently went forth to the forest in accordance with the words of his father and to please Kaikeyi. Then his dear brother Lakshmana, the joy of Sumitra and the favourite of Rama, endowed with affectionate humility, exhibited his fraternal fondness by following his brother Rama into exile. And Sita also,

Rama's darling wife, loved always as his own life, ever bent on his welfare, with all happy traits combined, sprung of Janaka's royal lineage, the embodiment of divine power and the most excellent of women, accompanied Rama. For a while they were followed by the citizens and their father Dasaratha. Then the virtuous Rama came across Guha, the beloved king of the Nishadas at Sringaberapura on the banks of the Ganges and there he dismissed his charioteer. Then in company with Guha, Lakshmana and Sita, Rama strayed on from wood to wood and crossed many a broad stream. Having reached Chitrakuta in accordance with the directions of Bharadvaja, they constructed a pleasant abode and the three lived there joyously sporting in the woods bright like gods and gandharvas. When Rama went to Chitrakuta, king Dasaratha, pining with grief on account of his son, went to heaven bewailing the latter. On the death of Dasaratha, the mighty Bharata, though urged on by all the twice-born headed by Vasishtha to rule the kingdom, did not wish for dominion. Forth to the woods

went that hero, eager to please the worshipful Rama. Having approached the noble Rama possessed of true prowess, he besought his brother with every mark of respect. He told Rama—'Thou art verily the king, O Righteous one!'. But the exceedingly generous, illustrious and mighty Rama with a cheerful countenance declined the kingdom in consonance with the injunctions of his father. And having given his sandals as his substitute to rule the land, the elder brother of Bharata bade him again and again to turn back. Finding his desire unfulfilled, Bharata touched Rama's feet and began to rule at Nandigrama eagerly expecting the return of Rama. And when the illustrious Bharata, truthful and self-controlled, had gone away, Rama thinking that the citizens and other subjects would repeat their visits to him there, resolutely entered the Dandaka forest. Having entered the mighty forest, the lotus-eyed Rama slew the Rakshasa Viradha, and met Sarabhanga, Sutikshna, Agastya and Agastya's brother. Counselled by Agastya he was much pleased to obtain the bow of Indra, the sword and a pair of quivers

ever full of arrows. While Rama was living in the forest in company with the rangers of the woods, the sages approached him in a body for the destruction of the Asuras and Rakshasas. He assured them the destruction of the Rakshasas in the forest. The slaying of Rakshasas in battle was promised by Rama to the residents of the Dandaka forest—the Rishis, who resembled flaming fire. And it was while living there, that the dweller of Janasthana, the Rakshasi Surpanakha, capable of assuming any form, was disfigured. Then Rama slew in battle the Rakshasas Khara, Trisiras and Dushana and all their followers who had all been stirred up by the words of Surpanakha. While dwelling in that forest fourteen thousand Rakshasas, the dwellers of Janasthana, were killed by Rama. Then on hearing of the destruction of his relatives, Ravana, frenzied with anger, sought the aid of the Rakshasa named Maricha. Although strongly dissuaded by Maricha with the words "It is not fit for you, O Ravana, to oppose that powerful one", yet Ravana, impelled by Fate, disregarded those words and went to

Rama's hermitage in company with Maricha. There by Maricha's magic arts he wiled the Royal youths apart and bore away the wife of Rama slaying the vulture Jatayu. And beholding the vulture slain and learning of the carrying off of Maithila's daughter, the descendant of Raghu, with failing senses, bewailed in grief. Then with unassuaged sorrow he burnt the vulture Jatayu and as he was searching for Sita in the wood, he came across a Rakshasa named Kabandha who was of a hideous and deformed shape. Having slain him, the mighty-armed one burnt his body whereupon he (the Rakshasa) went to heaven after addressing Rama thus—"Go thou to the virtuous female ascetic Sabari who is well versed in Dharma". Accordingly the illustrious destroyer of foes went to Sabari. After being highly honored by Sabari, Rama, the son of Dasaratha, came across the Vanara Hanuman on the banks of the Pampa. Counselled by Hanuman the puissant Rama met Sugriva and told him everything from the beginning just as it happened, especially all about Sita. The Vanara Sugriva also

having heard all about Rama, was well pleased and made friends with Rama in the presence of Agni. Then was related to Rama in a friendly spirit by the troubled one (Sugriva) all about his enmity to the king of Vanaras. Then Rama also vowed the destruction of Valin. The Vanara Sugriva detailed the valour of Valin and was ever doubtful of the prowess of Raghava. And to convince Raghava, Sugriva showed him the huge body of Dundubhi resembling a large hill. The mighty Rama saw the skeleton, smiled and with the toe of his leg kicked it full ten yojanas away. Further he pierced seven salas with a single mighty shaft as also a hill and the nether world thus convincing Sugriva. Then the great Vanara's spirits rose high and he gained confidence. The best of Vanaras, Sugriva, of the golden hue, then went in company with Rama to the cave called Kishkindha and roared. Attracted by that terrible sound, the king of Vanaras came out to fight with Sugriva, having first comforted Tara. Raghava killed him on the spot with one shaft And having at the instance of

Sugriva killed Valin in battle, Raghava installed Sugriva himself in that kingdom. Then that best of Vanaras, Sugriva, summoned all the Vanaras and sent them in various directions in search of the daughter of Janaka. Then at the suggestion of the vulture Sampati, the powerful Hanuman leapt across the salt sea extending over one hundred yojanas. He reached, on the other side, the city of Lanka protected by Ravana. There he found Sita in meditation in the Asoka woods. Having shown her the token, and appraised her of all the events, he cheered up Sita, the daughter of Vaideha and smashed the gates. Having then slain five generals of the Army and seven sons of Councillors, he crushed the brave Aksha and yielded himself to be captured. Knowing himself to be free from the trammels of astras on account of the boon granted to him by Pitamaha or Brahma, the heroic Hanuman freely excused the Rakshasas who were leading him in captivity. Then having burnt the city of Lanka with the exception of Sita the daughter of Maithila, the great Vanara returned to

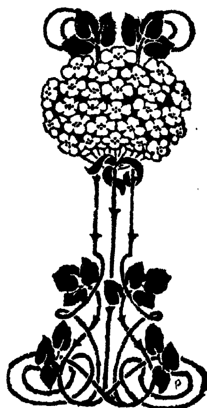
Rama to inform him of the glad news. Having approached the noble Rama and made pradakshinam, the magnanimous Hanuman truly said, "Seen was Sita." Then in company with Sugriva, Rama repaired to the ocean-side and smote the sea with shafts as bright as the Sun. Then the lord of the rivers—the Ocean, showed himself and it was at his suggestion that Rama caused Nala to build a bridge across the sea. By that means he went to the city of Lanka and killed Ravana in battle. Having recovered Sita, Rama felt great shame (in consequence of Sita's having lived so long in Ravana's palace) and consequently used harsh words towards her in the presence of a concourse of people. Unable to put up with this treatment the chaste Sita entered blazing fire. Then having learnt through the words of Agni or the god of fire that Sita was sinless, Rama became highly pleased and was honoured by all the gods. In consequence of this great act, all the three worlds both moveable and immoveable, the hosts of Devas as well as of Rishis were well

pleased with the high-souled Raghava. Then by installing the best of Rakshasas Vibhishana on the gadi at Lanka, Rama completed his task, felt free from anxiety and rejoiced exceedingly. He then raised back to life the monkeys slain in battle by means of a boon obtained from the celestials and set out for Ayodhya in his car Pushpaka surrounded by friends. Reaching the hermitage of Bharadvaja the truthful Rama despatched Hanuman to Bharata. Then talking over past affairs, Rama mounted on the Pushpaka in company with Sugriva and departed for Nandigrama. At Nandigrama he loosed his votive coil of hair and in company with his brothers the spotless Rama who had regained Sita, got back his kingdom. The whole world became exceedingly pleased. It thrived very well and prospered in righteousness. It was happy and healthy, free from all fear of famine. In no place did any one witness the death of his son. The ladies too never became widows and were ever chaste. There was no fear whatever of fire and no creature was drowned in the waters

There was no fear on account of the wind nor was any caused by fevers. Similarly neither hunger nor robbers caused any fear. In short all the towns and forts were filled with wealth and corn and were ever jubilant just as in the days of the Krita age. Having performed with countless gold hundreds of horse-sacrifices and having given away tens of thousands and tens of millions of cows, Rama shall go to Brahmaloka. The illustrious Raghava shall give countless wealth to brahmins and shall establish several royal families. He shall also direct the four castes to observe their respective dharma. Having ruled over his kingdom for ten thousand years and hundreds ten, he shall go to the world of Brahma.

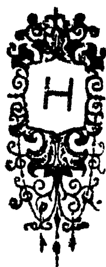
Whoever reads this sacred, sin-destroying and merit-bestowing poem that tells the tale of Rama's deeds, good as the scriptures, shall be free from all sin. Whoever reads this life-prolonging story of Ramayana is, on his death, honored in the heavens along with his kith and

kin. Brahmins reading this shall attain eloquence, Kshatriyas shall become lords of the earth, Vaisyas shall obtain the fruits of their trade and even Sudras shall attain greatness.





CANTO II



HEARING those words of Narada, the virtuous sage Valmiki, skilled in speech worshipped the subject of the story in company with his disciples. When he was duly honored, the divine sage Narada took leave of him and departed to his heavenly sphere. Soon after Narada had left for the celestial regions, the sage Valmiki went to the banks of the Tamasa not far from the Jahnavi. Having reached the banks of the Tamasa, the sage observed the clearness of the water and told his disciple who was standing by,—"Behold, O Bharadvaja, this water free from dirt. It is lovely and clear

like the hearts of good people. Place down the pitcher, my boy, and give me my bark-dress. I will certainly bathe in the waters of the Tamasa." Thus accosted by the great Valmiki, the obedient Bharadvaja gave the sage, his guru, the bark-dress. He received the bark from the hands of his disciple and roamed around surveying the extensive forest. In its vicinity the sage saw a pair of *kraunchas* with melodious voice sporting fearlessly. Out of this pair, a wicked-minded fowler, the abode of evil, slew the male one even while the sage was looking on. And observing him whirling round on the ground with blood-bespattered body and thus killed, the wife began to cry in piteous wails for having been for ever separated from her sporting companion, the copper-crested husband-bird possessing fair plumage. Seeing the bird thus killed by the fowler, pity was roused in the heart of that righteous sage. Since the brahmin sage was sympathetic, he considered it to be an impious deed and hearing the weeping she-bird, spoke the following words—'O fowler, since thou hast

slain one of a pair of *kraunchas* that were mad with love, thou shalt never attain prosperity." Even as he spoke he pondered with the wondering thought—" What is this that I have uttered while afflicted with grief for the bird?" Revolving thus in his mind, that highly wise and best of sages considered within himself and then addressed his disciple in these words—" With equal lines of even feet, with rhythm and time complete, the measured form of words that I spoke in shock of grief shall be termed a sloka." While the sage spoke thus, the disciple gladly assented to his excellent speech and the teacher was highly gratified. Then the sage bathed in the waters as prescribed and retraced his steps brooding over the same incidents. Then his disciple Bharadvaja, learned and meek, followed him behind carrying the pitcher filled with water.

Entering the hermitage along with his disciple, he, the knower of dharma, sat down in meditation talking of other topics. Then the glorious Brahma, lord and creator of the world, the four-faced God, came to meet

that best of sages. Beholding him, Valmiki rose eagerly and stood before him wonder-struck, silent and humble, with folded hands. He welcomed him with *Padya*, *Arghya*, *Asana* and salutations. After duly bowing he enquired of his welfare. Then the lord Brahma sat on a most highly honoured seat and bade the sage Valmiki also to seat himself. Permitted thus by Brahma, he also took a seat. When the grandsire of the world sat before him, Valmiki became plunged in thought, his mind bent on the same subject. What a sin has been committed by that wicked fellow, intent on evil, when he slew such a melodious *kraunchа* without any cause. Sympathising often with the she-kraunchа and full of grief he again recited within himself the same verse. Then Brahma smiled and told the best of sages—

"You have composed a sloka only; do not entertain any doubt about it. It is only by my will these words flowed from you. Do thou, O best of Rishis, compose the entire history of the heroic Rama. Do thou relate to the world, just as you heard from Narada,

the story of Rama the good, the wise and the virtuous. Whatever has been done either in public or in private by that wise Rama as well as by Lakshmana and all the Rakshasas and whatever has been done either in public or private by the daughter of Vaideha, all that which is not known generally shall be known to thee. In no place in this poem shall untrue words proceed from thee. Compose the meritorious story of Rama in charming verses. As long as the mountains and rivers last in this land so long shall the story of Ramayana gain currency. As long as thy composition, the story of Ramayana, is current, so long shalt thou live in this world below and in mine above."

Having spoken thus the revered Brahma disappeared then and there, whereat the sage and his disciples marvelled greatly. His disciples sang this sloka again and again. Experiencing pleasure at the repetition they spoke with exceeding wonder —"The four-lined rhyme of equal accents sung by the hermit in his shock of grief has become, by being repeated over many a time, a sloka." The self-centred

sage Valmiki thought thus within himself "I shall compose the whole poem of Ramayana similarly." The noble-minded and renowned sage Valmiki composed the story of the illustrious Rama in a gloryfying poem of hundreds of verses of equal accents, sweet and of noble and fully significant words. Listen to the annals of the foremost of Raghus and the destruction of the ten-headed one, composed by the sage, full of apt *samasas* and *sandhis* and sentences lucid with words sweet and even.





CANTO III.



HAVING heard the entire plot of the story which is full of virtues, the saint began again to search for a fuller knowledge of the history of the wise Rama. Having duly touched water, the sage, seated with folded hands on darbha grass whose ends pointed towards the East, searched for his goal through the proper channel. By might of his virtues he saw clearly all that truly befell, throughout their lives, Rama, Lakshmana, Sita and king Dasaratha together with his wives and his kingdom,—laughing, talking and acting through their courses of life. He saw clearly

all that happened to truthful Rama in his wanderings in the forest along with Sita as the third. Concentrating himself in Yoga the virtuous sage saw all that happened before as clearly as one does the *amalaka* fruit on one's palm. Seeing thus everything clearly by virtue of his practices, the illustrious sage set about to compose the charming history of Rama.

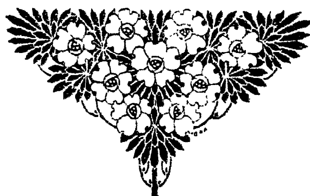
In accordance with what was already related to him by the great sage Narada the divine Rishi composed the history of Raghunatha which is pleasurable and profitable, is full of qualities pregnant with Dharma and Artha, which resembles the Ocean containing precious gems and which is pleasing to all ears. He sang of Rama's birth, his mighty prowess and his kindness to all; his popularity, forbearance, goodnees and truthfulness. His various conversations with Visvamitra, his breaking of the bow and his marriage with Janaki. The dispute between himself and Parasurama and the various good qualities of the son of Dasaratha; of Rama's installation and of the evil nature of Kaikeyi. The obstacle in the way

of the installation and the exile of Rama and king Dasaratha's grief and lamentation and departure for the other world. The woe of the subjects and their dismissal by Rama and the conversation with the Lord of the Nishada and the return of the charioteer, the crossing of the Ganga and the meeting with Bharadvaja. His arrival at Chitrakuta in consonance with the advice of Bharadvaja, the building of a hermitage and the arrival of Bharata. Bharata's supplication to Rama and Rama's offering oblations to his deceased father. The installation of the Paduka and Bharata's stay at Nandigrama. Rama's departure to the Dandaka forest and the slaying of Viradha. The interview with Sarabhanga and the meeting with Sutikshana. The worship of Anasuya and the bestowal by her of the fragrant unguent. Rama's meeting with Agastya and the interview with Jatayu. His departure to Panchavati and the meeting with Surpanakha. The dispute with Surpanakha and her disfigurement. The slaying of Khara and Trisiras and the rousing up of Ravana,

the slaying of Maricha as well and the carrying away of Vaidehi. Rama's lamentations and the death of the king of Vultures. The fighting with Kabandha and Rama's arrival at Pampa. The interview with Sabari and the meeting with Hanuman. The departure to Risyamuka and the arrival of Sugriva The infusion of confidence in and alliance with Sugriva. The fight between Valin and Sugriva. The destruction of Valin and the establishment of Sugriva on the throne. The bewailing of Tara, the fixing of the time for the advance and the stay during the rainy season. The ire of the lion of Raghu's race and the marshalling of the forces. The departure of envoys in different directions and the information about the geography of the Earth. The bestowal of the ring by Rama and the discovery of the cave by the bears. The fasting and the meeting with Sampati. The ascension of the mountain and the leap across the deep. The appearance of Mainaka at the instance of the Ocean. The destruction of Simhika and the sight of Lanka. The entrance by night into Lanka and the contem-

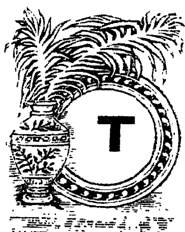
plation all alone of the future plan of conduct. The journey to the tavern and the visit to the harem. The sight of Ravana, the walk to the Asoka wood and the beholding of Sita. The threatening of the Rakshasis, the dreaming of Trijata, the presentation of the token and the converse with Sita. The presenting of the return token by Sita and the breaking down of the trees. The flight of the Rakshasis and the slaughter of the slaves. The capture of the wind-god's son and his roaring after the burning of Lanka The return flight and the forcible possession of honey. The consoling of Raghava, the handing over to him of the token gem The meeting with the Ocean and Nala's construction of the dam. The crossing of the sea and the nightly siege of Lanka. The alliance with Vibhishana and the informing of the means of destruction. The slaying of Kumbhakarna and the destruction of Meghanada. The death of Ravana and the discovery of Sita in the enemy's country The installation of Vibhishana and the presentation of the Pushpaka car. The

departure to Ayodhya and the meeting with Bharata. The auspicious event of the coronation of Rama and the demobilisation of the army. Rama's eagerness to please his subjects and the consequent abandonment of Vaidehi. All these were clearly seen by the divine sage Valmiki, as well as others that have not yet happened to Rama in this Earth which were all incorporated in the later portion of the poem.





CANVO IV.

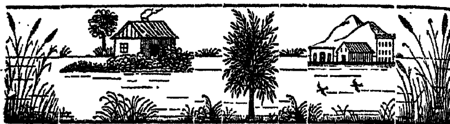


THE divine self-composed sage Valmiki composed the whole story of Rama who had obtained his kingdom. The sage told the story in twenty-four thousand slokas consisting of five hundred cantos divided into six kandas and the last or the Uttara. Having finished the work along with the future events narrated in the last portion, the wise lord reflected as to who should publish the same. While the pure holy sage was thus contemplating, the two boys Kusa and Lava clad in ascetic garb came

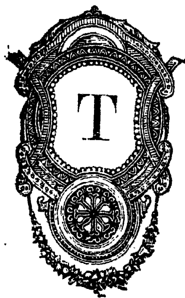
to greet their master and embrace his feet. The virtuous twins, the songsters, he saw, that illustrious princely pair, sweet-voiced, who dwelt beside him in the hermitage. Seeing them very intelligent and well advanced in Vedic lore the ascetic lord Valmiki caught hold of them for supplementing their Vedic knowledge by means of the poem Ramayana which in its entirety tells of Sita's noble life and Ravana's fall in battle. Sweet to recite and sweet to sing, for music's seven-fold notes are there and triple measures fraught with melody and tone and time. They sang this poem full of all the *rasas*, namely, *Hasya*, *Sringara*, *Karuna*, *Raudra*, *Veera*, *Bhayanaka*, *Beebhatsa* and *Adbhuta*. Those two sweet-voiced brothers resembling gandharvas in form, accomplished in the art of music and cognizant of the *Sthana* and *Murchhana*, full of grace and tenderness, with mellifluous voices, seeming like two replicas of the form of Rama's body—these two faultless princes got by heart that excellent and moral poem in its entirety. In accordance with instructions they sang the poem

with all attention in all places where Sages, Brahmins and good people thronged.

Once upon a time these great and pious princes, full of all auspicious marks, chanted this poem in an assembly of ascetics of purified souls. Having heard their music, all the ascetics were seized with surprise and with eyes bedimmed with tears exclaimed in delight "well done, well done" and well pleased, those sages, cherishing dharma, praised the minstrels Kusa and Lava more and more saying—'Ah! What charming music! More especially what sweetness of the verses which so clearly place before the eye the glorious deeds of days gone by.' They both entered into the spirit of the poem and sang it so well at a high pitch, praised by those mighty saints priding in their asceticism. Thus by the virtuous hermits praised, inspirited, their voice they raised. Delighted with the song some one in the assembly presented them with a Kalasa. Another pleased sage of high penance gave them a bark dress, a third gave the Krishnajina and yet another



CANTO V.



HE whole of this earth was once under the sway of the victorious dynasty of Ikshvakus commencing from Prajapati. In which line Sagara was born—Sagara who dug the ocean and whom, as he marched along, his sixty-thousand sons followed. From these glorious Ikshvakus this wonderful tale proceeds known to the world as the RAMAYANA. We shall now recite the whole of it from the beginning. Do ye with minds free from ill-will listen to that story full of virtue, pleasure and profit.

sage gave his Munja cord. Some one gave the Kamandalu and yet another the sacred thread. Similarly another gave a sacrificial cup of Udumbara wood and yet another gave the garland of japa beads. Some saints in their delight granted them health and length of days. All the sages said "Wonderful is the story told so well by the saint Valmiki. It is the source of the themes of every poet and is sung by you in quite a charming manner. It confers long life and prosperity and is very pleasing to hear."

Admired everywhere, on one occasion Bharata's elder brother Rama chanced to see, in a certain street which he was passing by, these brother-songsters Kusa and Lava. Immediately he had them brought to his palace and Rama the terror of his enemies, duly accorded the noble twins a worthy reception. Seated on an excellent golden throne in the midst of his brothers and councillors, the effulgent lord Rama beholding the handsome twins of modest demeanour spoke unto Lakshmana, Bharata and Satrughna as follows:—"Listen to

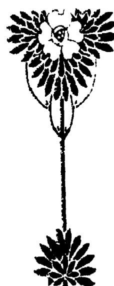
this worthy strain sung by these god-like twins, sweet singers of the story fraught with melody and lofty thought." Then he asked the singers to begin. The pair thereupon, with voices sweet and strong, began to sing melodiously and distinctly and in as high a pitch as they could command, with tone and accent deftly blent to suit the changing argument. Amid that assembly, loud and clear rang forth that lay so sweet to hear, that universal rapture stole through each man's frame and heart and soul. And Rama said "Although these minstrels Kusa and Lava of rigid penance look like ascetics, yet there appear on their persons the signs of royalty and besides, the story speaks of my fame and prosperity. All ye therefore listen to that history fraught with great worth." And then commanded by Rama, they began to sing according to the *marga* mode while mute and rapt attention slowly held Rama who was seated in the midst of his Court.



There is on the banks of the Sarayu a great and flourishing country called Kosala abounding in wealth and corn. There stands the world-famous town Ayodhya founded by Manu himself, that foremost of men. The great beautiful city was twelve yojanas in length and three in breadth, with its main roads wisely planned, with its royal street beautifully laid out in right glorious fashion, scattered with blown blossoms and daily sprinkled with water. In that city lived the great king Dasaratha, he who brought prosperity to kingdoms, like Indra in the celestial regions. The city was furnished with door-ways and gates and with well-arranged rows of shops. It contained all sorts of instruments and arms and was inhabited by all kinds of artisans. That graceful and matchless city abounded in bards and panegyrists. It contained several stately edifices studded with flags and guarded by hundreds of *sataghnis*. On all sides of the city were to be found hosts of actresses and gardens of mango groves with towering *sala* trees enclosing the whole. Encircled by a moat

both deep and unapproachable, the fortress was inaccessible to others. It abounded with horses, elephants, cows, camels and asses. It was thronged with neighbouring princes, come to pay tribute and with merchants from various countries. It was adorned with huge hill-like palaces glittering with gems and was filled with numerous secret chambers like Indra's Amaravati. It was wonderful to behold, with its eight-fold design, gleaming with domed palaces and abounding with hosts of courtesans, sprinkled with all kinds of gems. On level ground of even row, its thick pile of houses rose in continuous goodly show. It abounded in paddy and rice and its water was sweet as the juice of the sugar-cane. It resounded with the sounds of *Dundubhis* and *Mridangas* and *Veenas* and *Panavas*. This best spot on the earth was like a Vimana in heaven obtained by the Siddhas through force of tapas, thronged with well-laid houses and filled with the best specimens of humanity. King Dasaratha lived in that city filled with thousands of *Maharathas* or great warriors

dexterous and accomplished in fight, who could by force of arms or sharpened shafts slaughter even infuriated lions and tigers and bears roaring in the forest, yet would not pierce with arrows persons forlorn or abandoned or hiding or fugitive—that city full of excellent Brahmins, experts in the Vedas and its six angas, possessors of the sacrifical fire, endued with all good qualities, and intent on truth, great souls and pure saints, the givers of thousands of blessings, and resembling the mighty Rishis of old.





CANTO VI.



N that city of Ayodhya resided the far-sighted and the effulgent king Dasaratha, beloved of the country and the town, versed in the Vedas and an atiratha of the Ikshvaku line, performer of sacrifices, self-controlled, the peer of a a Maharishi and bent on dharma. A royal sage, renowned in all the three worlds, strong, possessing friends, with foes subdued, and passions tamed, comparable to Sakra and Vaisravana by virtue of accumulated riches and other possessions, he ruled the world protecting the people just like the highly energetic Manu. That best of cities was ruled and protected by the truthful Dasaratha who duly followed the three-fold paths, just as Amaravati was by Indra. In that

excellent city the men were happy and righteous and widely-read and each was content with his possession without covetously seeking more and everyone spoke the truth. In that premier city there existed none with poor hordes and there was no householder who was not well off in cattle, gold and grain. It was impossible to find in Ayodhya any person given up to lust or avarice or cruel or unlearned or atheistic. All men and women were of excellent character, well restrained, happy and spotless like the Maharishis. There was none who did not wear the ear-ring or the tiara or the garland; none who enjoyed little, who was unclean, who was not anointed or who did not perfume their persons. Nor was there any who did not eat well or give freely or did not wear *angada* and *nishka* or the hand ornaments or who was not self-possessed. None was there who was mean or without the Agnihotra fire or without performing sacrifices. There was no theft in Ayodhya nor was there any intermixture of castes. All Brahmins were pure and were always engaged

in the performance of their own duties, with subdued senses, giving and studying, and receiving with discrimination. There was no one who denied God, or was untruthful or was not widely read. None was envious or incompetent or unlearned. There was no one who did not know the six angas or did not observe the vows or did not give by thousands. Nor was there any who was weak, insane or of troubled mind. It was impossible to find in Ayodhya any man or woman devoid of grace or beauty or loyalty. The four Varnas, with the Brahmin as their head, always worshipped the gods and the guests, were grateful, generous, heroic and powerful. All people were long-lived, abiding by duty and truth and were surrounded by sons and grandsons and wives. The Kshatriyas gave the lead to the Brahmins and the Vaisyas followed the Kshatriyas, the Sudras followed their duty and ministered to the other three Varnas. That city was well ruled by that lord of Ikshvakus just as the intelligent Manu did of yore. It was filled with skilled and fully-trained warriors

resembling blazing fires just as a cave with lions. It was full of splendid horses resembling the excellent charger of Vishnu sprung from Kambhoja, Bahlika, Vanayu, and the river Sindhu. It was full of gigantic, powerful and rutted elephants born in the Vindhya Mountains and the Himalayas. It contained elephants born of the line of Airavata and of Mahapadma, superior to the breeds of Anjana and Vamana. In that city were found the elephants of the three classes namely Bhadra, Manda and Mriga and of the mixture of these three. These elephants were always fully rutted, resembling huge mountains and their line extended over two yojanas. This town in which Dasaratha lived and from which he ruled the world was truly called Ayodhya. The great and powerful king Dasaratha ruled this town suppressing all enemies just like the moon the stars. That lord of the earth, resembling Indra, governed the city of Ayodhya—bearing the significant title, furnished wfth strong gates and bolts, beautiful and graced with lovely edifices and full of thousands of subjects.



CANTO VII.



HERE existed excellent ministers for that great king of the Ikshvaku line, good councillors capable of diving into the motives of others and ever bent on the welfare of the king. Eight famous ministers there were for that heroic king, pure and ever-devoted to the royal service. They were respectively named Dhrishti, Jayanta, Vijaya, Siddhartha, Arthasadhaka, Asoka, Mantrapala and Sumantra the eighth. He had also two *ritviks* after his heart, the two great saints Vasishtha and Vamadeva, besides other

councillors. They were all modest with learning, unassuming, clever, with restrained senses, loving one another, just and widely learned. These great ones were all illustrious, versed in the Sastras, of tried prowess, famous, cautious and acting according to their words. They possessed energy, patience and renown. They spoke with a smiling face and never uttered an untruth either from anger or passion or desire for wealth. There was nothing unknown to them either in their domain or in that of others. By secret spies they knew all that men did or were doing. Skilled in argument and tried in friendship they would take up arms when necessary even against sons. Intent in augmenting the treasury and in amassing the forces, they never troubled even enemies if they were innocent. They were warriors, with their enthusiasm under restraint and followed the policy of the king. They protected even the worldly people, if pure. Without molesting the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas, they increased the treasury. They inflicted punishment in accordance with the offences of the persons guilty. During

the time when those pure and single-minded ministers presided over justice in the kingdom, there was neither in the city nor in the provinces any one who was a liar or wicked or bent on ravishing other people's wives and the city and the provinces alike enjoyed peace. They wore excellent garments, were lovely in form and were all pure. For the sake of the welfare of the king they were wide awake and politic. They assimilated the good qualities of the elders, were renowned in prowess, with their fame extended even in foreign countries on account of their determined policy. They knew the essentials of peace and war, and were, by nature, noble. They could keep their counsel and they possessed a polished and fine judgment. They knew well the science of polity and always spoke kindly. Surrounded by such excellent ministers, the faultless king Dasaratha ruled the earth, learning of outside events by means of spies and pleasing the subjects with justice. He protected the people avoiding injustice and became famous in the three worlds. Munificent and truthful that tiger among men ruled this earth. He never

came across an enemy who was either his superior or even his equal. With numerous friends and all samanta kings bound to him, he destroyed all thorns by means of his prowess and ruled the world just like Indra the heaven. Surrounded by these loyal, clever and skilful ministers ever bent on good administration, the king obtained lustre just like the rising sun by means of its brilliant rays.



accordance with the words of my spiritual guides, let the horse be released escorted by skilful followers and a family priest. Let the sacrificial ground be made up on the northern bank of the Sarayu. Let the propitiatory ceremonies be performed in due order and according to the rules. This sacrifice is capable of being performed by all princes, but to do it without mistake is very difficult since the learned Brahmarakhasas are ever on the alert to find out any short-comings. If any thing untoward happens in the sacrifice the performer perishes immediately. So ye, who are adepts in organization, arrange things in such a a way that the sacrifice may be completed in accordance with the rules without any let or hindrance. The councillors said in reply, " So be it." Listening to those words of the best of kings just as they were addressed, these virtuous Brahmins blessed the excellent monarch and being permitted by the king they all went back their ways. Having dismissed these Brahmins, the king spoke to his ministers "Let the sacrifice be arranged for, just as instructed by the

ritviks." So saying, the tiger among kings dismissed the assembled ministers to their homes and himself entered the harem. Having gone there, the lord of men told his beloved wives—"You shall all take up the *diksha* because I am performing the sacrifice for the sake of a son." Hearing those sweet words, the countenances of those lustrous damsels shone splendid just like the lotuses on the departure of the snow.





CANTO IX.



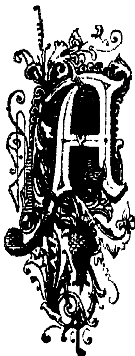
HEARING all this, the charioteer spoke in private to the monarch thus—"I have heard this ancient history narrated by the *ritviks*. The lord Sanatkumara told this story originally in the presence of the Rishis about the birth of a son to you. There is a son of Kasyapa named Vibhandaka. His son will be well-known as Rishyasringa. He will grow up in the woods and will always roam there as an ascetic. That best of Brahmins will not know anything except to follow his father's directions. It was the talk of the world and Brahmins also confirmed it, that this noble personage would

follow Brahmacharya in two different ways. Days pass by for him who was thus serving the fire and his renowned father. Just at this time the powerful Romapada shall be the famous king of the Angas. Owing to some injustice of the king, there will be a cruel and terrible famine infusing fear in the minds of all creatures. While the famine raged, the king full of grief, will call an assembly of elderly learned Brahmins and speak as follows—'You are well learned in virtue and know the ways of the world. You had better direct the expiation due for this evil.' Those Brahmanas, learned in the Vedas, would reply to the king thus—'Oh king! by any means bring here the son of Vibhandaka. Having brought here Rishyasringa, Oh king, honour him well and give him your daughter Santa with due rites and with all earnestness.' Hearing their words the king would begin to think—'By what means shall I be able to bring here that noble and energetic one.' Then the king would consult with his ministers and send them along with his family priests after duly honouring them. Hearing the

words of the king they would become troubled in mind and with bent face they would refuse to go for fear of the sage. They would devise several means and report the same to the king as fit plans for achieving the object. They would finally say—'We shall bring the Brahmin here and no blame shall attach to us.' Thus did the lord of Anga himself bring the son of the sage with the help of the dancing girls. Indra poured down rain and Santa also was given in marriage to the ascetic and the son-in-law Rishyasringa will divise means for the birth of sons to you. This story which was told by Sanatkumara was so far heard by me." Then Dasaratha became pleased and replied to Sumantra as follows—" You had better say in detail how Rishyasringa was brought over."



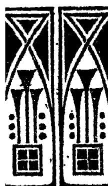
CANTO X.



DDRESSED thus by the king, Sumantra spoke these words—"In company with your councillors be pleased to hear me narrate in detail how Rishyasringa was brought over. The family priest in consultation with the ministers told Romapada thus—'We have hit upon this plan which can never fail. Rishyasringa roams in the woods and is bent upon tapas and learning. He is quite ignorant of the fair sex, nor does he know anything of the sensual pleasures. With the help of the gentle passions which with resistless influence shake the hearts of men we shall bring him to the city. Please quickly arrange for the despatch of courtesans, beautiful and well-decked. They would surely allure him by various means and.

bring him here.' Hearing this the king consented and directed the family priest accordingly. The family priest and the ministers acted in accordance with those instructions. The courtesans heard the instructions and entered the huge forest and remaining at some distance from the hermitage, they tried all means to meet the noble son of the saint ever dwelling in the hermitage. Always pleased with serving his father, he never strayed from the hermitage. Consequently the poor hermit had never seen in his life either man or woman or any other creatures living in cities and towns. Then on a certain occasion the son of Vibhandaka by chance reached that spot and beheld the courtesans. Well-clad and of beautiful form, these damsels sang with mellifluous voices and approached the son of the sage and spoke unto him thus—'Who art thou and what dost thou do, Oh Brahmana? We wish to learn the same. Why do you roam in this lovely forest all alone? Please inform us.' Beholding these lovely-shaped damsels, of forms hitherto unseen by him, he became exceedingly delighted and was persuaded to

acquaint them with his lineage. "My father is Vibhandaka. I am his own son Rishyasringa. My name and occupation are well-known all the world over. Here in our hermitage close by, I shall do homage to you all, Oh beautiful ones, in accordance with the rules.' Hearing the words of the son of the sage, they all thought it a good opportunity to see the hermitage and accordingly went with him there. When they entered the hermitage, the saint's son received them hospitably saying—' Here is *Arghya*, *pâdya* and here are roots and fruits.' They all received the hospitality with pleasure, but afraid of the Saint Vibhandaka they began to think of an early departure. ' Here, Oh Brahmin, are some of our prominent fruits. Be pleased to receive them and partake of them quick. May good follow thee.' They then embraced him with great delight. They gave him sweets and different other varieties of lovely cakes. He partook of them and the effulgent one thought them to be real fruits untasted hitherto by people ever dwelling in the forest. Then having accosted him, the women feigning




CANTO XI.



H! best of kings, listen again to my words which may bring you prosperity—How Sanatkumara told thus in the midst of his narration. "In the line of the Ikshvakus there will be born an exceedingly virtuous king called Dasaratha illustrious and true to his words. There will arise friendship between that king and the king of the Angas. The son of the king of the Angas will be known as Romapada. The famous king Dasaratha will approach him and say, 'I am childless, Oh virtuous king, let the husband of Santa, commanded by you, perform the sacrifice

for the sake of an issue and for the perpetuation of the line.' Having heard the words of the king and having thought over it in his mind, the self-possessed king will hand over the husband of Santa along with the children. Receiving that Brahmin, the king will be free from anxiety. He will prepare for the sacrifice with a gladdened heart. Then the lord of men, the king Dasaratha, the knower of virtues, being desirous of performing the sacrifice, with folded hands shall beseech Rishyasringa, the best of the twice-born, to conduct the sacrifice for the sake of obtaining issues as well as heaven. That monarch shall obtain his desire by means of that Brahmin and four sons of untold prowess shall be born to him. They shall perpetuate the line and shall be renowned in all the worlds." Thus did the lord Sanatkumara narrate the story, of old, in the divine age. Therefore do you, Oh tiger among men, fetch him here, after duly honouring him. You had better go personally, Oh king, with thy forces and equipage." Hearing the words of the charioteer the king sought the approval of Vasishtha and having

obtained it he went with a full heart and along with his queens and ministers to the place where lived that twice-born one. He duly passed forests and rivers and arrived at last at the place where that foremost of ascetics stayed. Having reached the place, he first saw that best of the Brahmins, the son of the sage, by the side of the king Romapada brilliant like fire. Then the king Romapada duly welcomed king Dasaratha and specially honoured him with a delighted heart because of his old friendship. Romapada also told the wise son of the sage the nature of his friendship as well as relationship with Dasaratha and then the latter also welcomed him. Thus entertained with utmost care, he stayed there for seven or eight days and then told the king thus—"Let thy daughter Santa, Oh king, along with her husband, Oh lord of men, go to my city as I am engaged in a mighty enterprise." Having consented to the departure of the intelligent one with the words "So be it" king Romapada said to that Brahmin "Do thou go with thy wife." Then the sage's son promised to go and told the king "So be

it." Permitted by the king he set out with his wife. Dasaratha and the powerful Romapada clasped each other by the palm, embraced each other in affection and rejoiced exceedingly. Then taking leave of his friend, the Joy of the Raghus started homewards. He despatched swift messengers to the citizens saying "Let the town be quickly decorated, let it be perfumed with dhupa, well-watered and adorned with flags and buntings." The citizens gladly heard of the return of the king and joyfully did everything that the king wanted. Then the king entered the well-ornamented town, with that foremost of Brahmins in the front, to the accompaniment of conchs and drums. Then all the townsmen rejoiced exceedingly to find that Brahmin enter that town with all due honours shown by the best of kings who resembled Indra in his deeds. Taking him into the inner apartments of the palace the king paid him all homage in accordance with Sastras and considered that his task was completed and his object gained by his arrival. All the inmates of the inner apartment, beholding the return of the broad-eyed

Santa with her husband, enjoyed peace on account of delight. Welcomed by them also and more so by the king, she stayed there for sometime along with the *ritvik*.



CANTO XII.



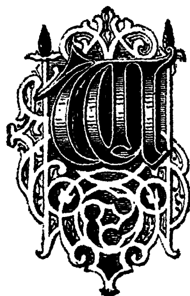
AFTER the lapse of several days, when the charming Spring had made its appearance the king thought of performing the sacrifice. He then approached the sage with the divine lustre and with bowed head besought him for the sacrifice for the sake of issues to perpetuate his line. He who was well entertained, agreed to the task and told the king "Let the necessary materials be acquired and your horse be let loose." Then he told the best of his ministers Sumantra "Oh Sumantra, summon immediately the ritviks versed in the Vedas—Suyajna, Vamadeva, Jabali and Kasyapa, as also the family priest

Vasishtha and the other excellent Brahmins." Accordingly the active Sumantra went fast and brought those Brahmins who were well learned in all the Vedas. Having duly honoured them the virtuous king Dasaratha spoke these sweet words consistent with dharma and artha. "Pining on account of a son I have no happiness. Therefore it is my intention to perform the horse-sacrifice. I wish to have it performed in accordance with the rules and the Sastras. By the grace of the sage's son I shall obtain my desire." Then the Brahmins with Vasishtha at their head respected the words that fell from the king's lips as good. Then they followed Rishyasringa in telling the king— "Let the necessary materials be acquired and your horse be set free, you shall certainly obtain four sons of exceeding prowess, because this virtuous thought has arisen in your mind for the sake of a son to perpetuate the line." On hearing the words of the Brahmins, the king became pleased and told his ministers with delight the following auspicious words—"Let the necessary materials be acquired in accordance with the

instructions of my elders. Let the horse be let loose escorted by skilful warriors and the family priest. Let the sacrificial ground be prepared on the northern bank of the river Sarayu. Let the propitiatory rites be duly performed in accordance with the rules. This sacrifice is capable of being performed by all the kings, but to do it without any mistake is very difficult. For the learned Brahmarakshasas are ever on the alert to find a loophole. If anything wrong happens in the sacrifice the performer perishes immediately. Therefore you who, are adepts in organization, should arrange things in such a way that this sacrifice may be completed quite in accordance with the Sastras without any let or slip." Then all the ministers, honouring the words of the king, agreed to do accordingly and did as commanded. Then all the Brahmins praised the virtuous king and permitted by him, they all departed their ways. When all those excellent Brahmins were gone, the king dismissed his ministers and entered his palace.



CANTO XIII



HEN the Spring again appeared at the end of a full year, the powerful king, bent on the sacrifice for the sake of a son, approached Vasishtha, saluted him and duly honoured him. He then humbly spoke to that best of Brahmins with the view of getting a son. "Do thou, Oh foremost of sages, be pleased to see my sacrifice performed in accordance with the Sastras and order the various parts of it to be so performed that no impediments may happen. Thou art my friend attached to me and thou art also my great Guru. So, engaged in the sacrifice thou wilt have to bear the entire burden." That best of Brahmins

agreed to it and told the king "I will do all this which thou desireth". He then told the elderly Brahmins who were well up in sacrificial rites, experienced sthapatis, exceedingly virtuous old people, workmen, artisans, carpenters, diggers, astrologers, mechanics, dancers, conductors of theatre, pure and learned, and widely experienced persons—"In obedience to the command of the king you had better all commence the work of the sacrifice. Fetch bricks quickly by several thousands. Let residences be constructed with all conveniences for the kings. Let hundreds of lovely dwellings be erected for the Brahmins, replenished with various sweets and meals and drink. Similarly spacious and extensive dwellings have to be erected for the people and provided with all conveniences. Likewise for the country-people also lovely accommodation and sumptuous food should be provided with due respect and not in sportlike fashion. You must behave in such a way that all the varnas are well entertained and get their due regard. You should never be indifferent or disrespectful either on account of passion

or anger. You should also duly entertain with special regard, those who are experts in sacrificial works and are skilled artisans. The whole thing should be so well managed and all should be so well entertained with gold and food that nothing shall be wanting. You had better do all this with an affectionate and attached mind."

Then they all approached Vasishṭha and spoke these words—" Everything has been well done just as was told and nothing has been left out." Then Vasishṭha called Sumantra and told him "Invite all the virtuous kings of the earth as also Brahmanas, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas and Sudras by thousands. Bring also, with due honors, people from all countries and do you yourself bring with due honors, the heroic, truthful and illustrious Janaka the lord of the Mithilas, he who is well versed in Vedas and all the Sastras. Since he is an old ally I mention him first. Similarly do you yourself bring, the divinely bright and amiable lord of Kasi, of excellent character, ever speaking pleasent words. Likewise you had better bring the old and exceedingly virtuous

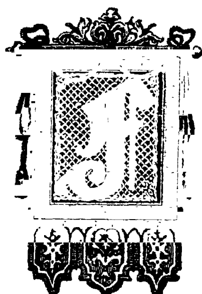
king of the Kekayas, the father-in-law of our excellent king, along with his son. Also bring the illustrious lord of the Angas, Romapada, with due honors, the friend of our king; also the kings of the East, of the Sindhu, Sauvira and Saurashtra countries. Invite also all the kings of the South as also all the other friendly kings in this earth. Bring them all quickly along with their families and relations." Hearing those words of Vasishtha Sumantra the quick, despatched messengers all round to invite the various kings and in accordance with the instructions of the sage, the virtuous Sumantra himself went to fetch the kings. The workmen also came and informed the wise Vasishtha of everything that had been done for the sacrifice. The best of Brahmins was pleased and told them all thus—"Nothing should be given with disrespect or with light-heartedness. Anything given in that manner will surely destroy the giver." Then within a few days all the kings arrived taking with them several gems for the king Dasaratha. Then Vasishtha was highly pleased and spoke to the king as follows.--"Oh, Tiger among

kings, in obedience to your command all the kings have arrived. Those excellent kings have been duly welcomed by me in accordance with their ranks. All the necessary things for the sacrifice have been completed, Oh king, by earnest and attentive workmen. You may therefore proceed to the sacrificial ground for performing the sacrifice and Oh foremost of monarchs, it behoves you to see the place which is fitted all round with all desirable objects as though it has been completed by mental imagination itself." Then in accordance with the words of both Vasishtha and Rishyasringa the king set out on an auspicious day under a beneficent constellation. Then the sage Vasishtha and all the other excellent Brahmins under the lead of Rishyasringa, all went to the sacrificial ground and commenced the sacrifice proper in due form and in accordance with the Sastras.





CANTO XIV.



ULL one year elapsed and the sacrificial horse had returned. On the northern banks of the Sarayu river the sacrifice of the king commenced. Under the lead of Rishyasringa the excellent Brahmins commenced the proceedings of that great horse-sacrifice of the highly noble king. The performers who were all well versed in the Vedas duly performed the sacrifice in accordance with the rules and came round as directed in the Sastras. The Brahmins duly finished the *Pravargya* rites and then the *Upasad* rites, followed by all else in accordance with the Sastras. Those sages worshipped the

deities and with gladdened hearts performed in the prescribed form the morning *Savana* and the other rites that followed it. The portion due to Indra was also duly given and the faultless king was duly praised. Then the midday *Savana* commenced in regular sequence and the third savana of this high and noble king was also duly performed by those foremost of sages after a regular perusal of the Sastras. There was nothing there in that sacrifice which remained unoffered nor was there any slip. Everything appeared like the Veda for they made everything prosperous. During these days of the sacrifice there was no one who was tired or felt hungry, no unlearned Brahmin was to be found there, nor was there any who was without at least a hundred followers. The Brahmins were always fed there, also those who depended on others. Devotees were fed there as also sramanas; old people and the infirm, women as well as children were incessantly fed there and yet no satisfaction was obtained. "Give, give food and different kinds of cloths." Thus prompted on all sides, they did their duty

there. Rice also was seen in numerous heaps resembling hills, duly cooked there every day. The crowds of male and female persons coming from different countries were well entertained with food and drink in the sacrifice of that noble king. The excellent Brahmins praised the food as sweet and as duly prepared and the king of the Raghu race heard all round the remark "Oh! We are all pleased, may good betide thee". Well-adorned cooks served the Brahmins and they were assisted by others wearing beautiful jewelled ear-rings. In the intervals, the eloquent Brahmins were engaged in various disputations with the object of excelling each other and every day in that sacrifice skilled Brahmins performed all acts in accordance with the Sastras being urged thereto. There was no one there who did not know the six Angas or did not keep the vows or was not well experienced. There was no Brahmin in that king's assembly who was not an expert in the Vedas. When the time came for planting the sacrificial posts, persons cognizant of the sastras and of the sacrificial rituals got

prepared six posts of Bilva wood and as many of the Khadira tree; an equal number of the Parna wood together with Bilva, one with the sleshmataka wood and two with the Devadaru and the last two were made to measure a span of the extended arms. All these were gilded bright to add splendour to the rites. These twenty one sacrifical posts each measuring twenty one cubits were adorned with twenty one clothes. They were all duly and firmly placed in position by the artisans as per the rules. They were all octagonal and were smoothly planed. Covered with clothes and decked with flowers and sandals they shone bright like the seven Rishis in the heavens. The sacrificial altar also was constructed according to the prescribed measurements and the Brahmins who were skilled in the art of sulba collected fire therein. That altar of the best of kings constructed by skillful Brahmins with its eighteen pits of threefold shape looked like Garuda of the golden feathers. Then were tied the sacrificial animals, each intended for a particular deity. serpents and birds, horses and acquatic

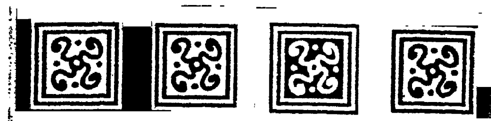
animals, for being sacrificed in accordance with the sastras. All these were tied by the ritviks regularly as prescribed. On the whole, three hundred Pasus were duly fixed to the posts as also the best gem of a horse belonging to king Dasaratha. Then Kausalya, having duly worshipped the horse, slew the same with great glee in three strokes of the sword. Then with the view of obtaining dharma, Kausalya stayed one whole night with a calm and steady heart by the side of that winged horse. Then the *hotris*, *adhvaryus* and *udgatris*, brought the *parivriti* and *vavata* wives of the king and joined them with the *mahishi*. The self-controlled ritvik knowing well the sacrificial rites took up the *Vapa* of the winged horse and duly cooked it. The odour of the smoke proceeding from the *Vapa* was duly and in proper time smelt by the king who thereby discarded his sins. The sixteen ritvik Brahmins duly offered in the fire with appropriate mantras, the various organs of the horse. In other sacrifices the oblations are offered by means of a plaksha bough. In the horse-sacrifice alone

the cane is used instead. The horse-sacrifice extends over three days in accordance with the Kalpasutras and the Brahmanas. The *Chatushtoma* is performed on the first day, the *Ukthya* on the second and the *Atiratra* on the last. All these were duly performed as prescribed. Similarly the *Jyotishtoma, Ayushtoma* and the *Atiratra,* the *Abhijit,* the *Visvajit* and the great sacrifice *Aptor-yama* were all duly performed as stated in the Sastras. The East, the king gave to the *Hotri* and thereby increased the prosperity of his line, the West to the *Adhvaryu* and the South to the *Brahma.* Similarly the North to the *Udgatri* and the dakshina was thus fixed in this great horse-sacrifice ordained of yore by the self-existent Brahma. Having duly finished the sacrifice, the best among men, gave away the earth to the several ritviks. But the ritviks addressed the spotless king thus—"You alone are fit to protect this whole world. The lands are of no use to us and we are not able to protect them. We are, Oh king, always bent upon study. So you had better give us instead the value of the same, either in the shape of

gems, gold or cows. Give that, Oh best of kings, for we have no use for land." Thus told by the Brahmins learned in the Vedas, the king gave them cows by hundreds of thousands, also gold by tens of millions and four times as much silver. Then all the ritviks with one accord gave away the collected wealth to the sages Rishyasringa and the wise Vasishtha. Then those best of Brahmins duly apportioned the same and all were well pleased and expressed it in so many words. Then as the Brahmins began to move, the all-attentive king gave them golden ornaments in countless numbers. For some poor Brahmins who came abegging the Joy of the Raghu race gave away his hand-ornament. Then when all the Brahmins became pleased, the king eager to serve them bowed to them with delighted eyes. Then the Brahmins pronounced numerous blessings on him who was generous, noble, heroic and who had bowed to them on the ground. With a delighted heart the king thus completed the excellent horse-sacrifice which is capable of destroying all sins and leading to the

heavens and which is unattainable by other rulers of the earth. Then king Dasaratha told Rishyasringa "Oh thou of excellent vows, it behoveth thee to do that which would continue my line". Thereupon the best of Brahmins replied to the king "Four sons shall be born to thee, Oh king, as perpetuators of thy race."





CANTO XV.



PONDERING a while over his answer the wise one, the knower of the Vedas told the king after regaining his senses. "I shall perform for you the *Putriya Ishti* for the sake of issues in accordance with the mantras of the Atharva Veda which are sure to yield the desired result". Then the effulgent one commenced the *Putriya Ishti* with the view of obtaining sons and offered oblations to the fire as stated in the Mantras. There were assembled in due order the gods, the Gandharvas, the Siddhas and the great Rishis for receiving their share in the sacrifice. All those deities that were duly gathered together in that assembly spoke

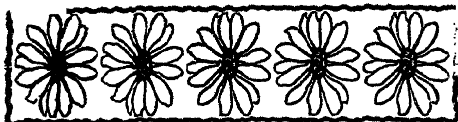
thus to the great Brahma, the creator of the world—"Oh lord, with the help of thy grace the Rakshasa named Ravana oppresses all by his prowess. We are unable to baffle him. You have of yore given him, with well-pleased mind, a boon and out of regard for the same we put up with all his oppression. He harasses the three worlds and that wicked fellow hates highly-placed people. He desires to overcome the lord of the Gods, Indra and blinded by the boon granted by you, that irrepressible one surpasses the Rishis, Yakshas, Gandharvas, Asuras and Brahmins. The Sun himself withholds his glow and the wind does not blow over him. Even the ocean with its ever-stirring waves stands still at his sight. Great is the fear of that terrific Rakshasa. Therefore, Oh lord, it behoves you to devise the means of his destruction." Thus addressed by all the gods, the Creator, after some contemplation replied.—"There is only one way for the destruction of that wicked fellow. He once prayed to me that he should not be slain by the Gandharvas, Yakshas, Devas, Asuras or Rakshasas and I have

granted him that boon. He did not, out of disdain, include in that category the men. Therefore he is capable of being slain by men only and there is no other way. Hearing this welcome speech uttered by Brahma, the gods and all the Rishis became exceedingly delighted. Just at this juncture came in Vishnu, the highly effulgent, the protector of the Universe, with conch, disc and mace in his hands and clad in white garments. Brahma welcomed him and stood all attention. All the gods bowed to him, praised him and spoke to him thus.—"Oh Vishnu, out of the desire for the welfare of the world we have allotted some work for you. Dividing yourself into four, Oh Vishnu, we request you to become the sons of the powerful king Dasaratha, the lord of Ayodhya, the knower of duty, the munificent, the peer of a sage in energy, by his three wives who resemble modesty, auspiciousness and fame. Having then incarnated yourself as mortal, we request you, Oh Vishnu, to kill in battle Ravana who is a flourishing thorn to the worlds and who is incapable of being slain by the gods. That fool of a Rakshasa,

Ravana, harasses the Devas, the Gods, the gandharvas, the siddhas and the ascetics out of a senseless pride of prowess. While the Sages, Gandharvas and Apsarasas were sporting in the groves of Nandana, they were killed by that cruel Rakshasa. So we have all come here along with the Sages, Siddhas, Gandharvas and the Yakshas to devise the means for his destruction and we take refuge in you. You are the surest hope for all of us, Oh lord; so for the sake of the destruction of the enemy of the Gods, be pleased to think of the world of men." Thus addressed the lord of the Gods, Vishnu, the best of the deities, the respected of all the worlds, told all the assembled gods with the Creator at their head ever bent on dharma. "Dismiss your fear. For the sake of your welfare I shall kill in battle Ravana with his sons and grandsons, with his ministers, friends and relations. Having killed that wicked and cruel Rakshasa the infuser of terror in the minds of Gods and Rishis, I shall live in the world of men for ten thousand years and hundreds of ten protecting the earth." Having thus conferred the boon

upon the Gods, the self-possessed God Vishnu began to think of his place of birth in the mortal world. Then the lotus-eyed lord dividing himself into four, was pleased to fix upon king Dasaratha as his father. Then the Gods, Rishis and Gandharvas, the Rudras and the hosts of apsaras praised the destroyer of Madhu by means of excellent divine hymns. "Do you uproot the haughty and cruel Ravana, the thorn that saints and hermits fear, the terror of the sages, the foe of the lord of the celestials and the possessor of savage fury. Having killed the cruel Ravana of fierce prowess with all his force and relations, do you return devoid of anxiety to the Svargaloka, long guarded by Indra, free from all faults and sins."





CANTO XVI.



BESOUGHT thus by the foremost of the celestials, the lord Narayana, though aware of it himself, spoke these sweet words to the immortals. "Oh immortals, what is the means for the destruction of that king of the Rakshasas by adopting which I can kill that thorn of the ascetics?" Thus addressed, the gods replied to the everlasting Vishnu—"Assuming the form of a man, do you slay Ravana in battle, for indeed, Oh represser of foes, he performed very rigid penance for a long time by which Brahma, the creator of the world and the worshipped of the whole mankind, became much pleased. As a result of

that pleasure the lord gave a boon to the Rakshasa to the effect that there should be no fear for him from any of the different varieties of living beings except man. While soliciting the boon in those days of yore, men were comtemptuously disregarded by Ravana. Puffed up with pride owing to the boon he had received from the Grandsire, he harasses the three worlds and forcibly abducts the women. Therefore, Oh subduer of enemies, we see his destruction through man." Hearing these words of the gods, the self-controlled Vishnu chose king Dasaratha as his father. That highly effulgent king also, the destroyer of enemies, who was without issues, performed just at that time the *Putriya Ishti* with a desire to obtain sons. Resolving thus within his mind, Vishnu obtained leave of the Grandsire and disappeared, worshipped by the gods and the sages.

Then from out of the sacrificial fire there arose a mighty being of unparallelled prowess, high energy and huge strength, black, wearing a crimson apparel, with a red face, with a drum-like voice, with lovely leonine hairs

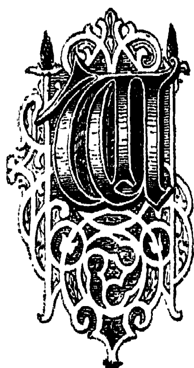
on his beard and his head, with all auspicious marks, decked with divine ornaments, high as a mountain peak, and powerful as a wild tiger, in form like the sun blazing its fiery rays, bearing in his hands a capacious vessel, made of burnished gold with a silver cover full of divine *payasa*, dear like the wife herself and itself resembling Maya. Beholding king Dasaratha, it spoke these words—"Oh monarch, know me as coming here from the lord of creation." The king replied with folded hands "Oh lord, you are welcome here. Be pleased to say what I can do for you." Then the emissary from Prajapati spoke again thus—"Oh king, as a result of your adoration of the gods you have obtained this. This, Oh tiger among kings, is the *payasa* made by divine hands. It is capable of producing sons and wealth and health. Deign to receive this and give it to your worthy wives to be partaken of. You shall through them obtain issues for which you are now performing the sacrifice. The king said "So be it" and well pleased, he received the golden vessel

full of the divine food divinely given, with a bowed head. Having saluted that lovely, wonderful being, he came round it with immense pleasure. On obtaining that divinely made Payasa, king Dasaratha became filled with delight like a poor man on obtaining wealth. Then that wonderful, highly effulgent emissary of Brahma having finished his work disappeared then and there. The king's barem was bright with rays of joy like the sky with the lovely rays of the autumnal moon. Entering the inner apartments he told Kausalya—"Receive this Payasa which will give you issues." The king then gave half of it to Kausalya and half of the other half to Sumitra, half of the remainder he gave to Kaikeyi desirous of a son. The remaining half of the nectar-like Payasa the lord of the earth gave after due consideration to Sumitra again. Thus the king distributed the Payasa separately to his wives. Those excellent wives of the king, having obtained the Payasa thus, were all highly gratified with gladdened hearts. Having separately partaken of that divine Payasa, those excellent wives of the king,

bright like the fire and the sun, then became pregnant. Then the king observing signs of well-advanced pregnancy in those ladies obtained his wish and became delighted just like God Vishnu worshipped by the lord of the celestials, Siddhas and the Sages.



CANTO XVII.



HEN Vishnu had become the son of that noble king, the self-existent Lord Brahma addressed all the gods thus—"Do you all create yourselves in the earth, capable of taking different forms at will, for the purpose of helping Vishnu, the strong and the true, who seeks the good of all of us. Do you create yourselves as powerful beings cognizant of illusions, heroic, as swift as wind, skilled in polity, wise and equal to Vishnu in prowess, unslayable, knowing all devices, with leonine bodies, skilled in all weapons as they who have drunk the nectar. Do you all produce children of equal prowess wearing the shapes

of monkeys from the bodies of the foremost of Apsaras, Gandharvis, Kinnaris, Vanaris, Yaksha and Pannaga girls, Rikshis and Vidyadharis. I have already created the best of bears called Jambavan who suddenly came out of my mouth as I was yawning." Thus addressed by the lord they all obeyed his behests and begot numerous sons with forms of monkeys. The noble Sages, Siddhas, Vidyadharas, Uragas and Charanas generated heroic sons who roamed in the forests. Indra begot the foremost of monkeys, the powerful Valin who resembled the Mahendra hill. The Sun, the best heat-producer, generated Sugriva; Tara the mighty one and the most intelligent of the monkey-chiefs was the offspring of Brihaspati. The graceful Vanara Gandhamadana was the son of Kubera. Visvakarman created the great monkey Nala; the son of Fire was the lustrous Nila, bright as fire itself. He excelled all Vanaras by his lustre, renown and prowess. The twin gods Asvins, the possessors of duty and wealth, generated Mainda and Dvivida; Varuna begot the monkey named Sushena and Parjanya pro-

duced Sarabha of great strength. The son of the wind-god was the illustrious Vanara named Hanuman possessing an adamantine body and swift as Garuda. He is also the most intelligent and the strongest of all the Vanara chiefs. Thus were produced several thousands, all intent on the destruction of the ten-headed Ravana, of unequalled valour, capable of assuming different shapes at will, heroic and powerful, with bodies resembling elephants and hills. Thus sprang quickly the hosts of Rikshas, Vanaras and Gopuchchas each retaining the strength, the might and the mien of his own parent-god. Some were produced from Golangulas and some others from Rikshas, Vanaras, and Kinnaris, the Gods, Sages, Gandharvas, Tarkshyas and the illustrious Yakshas, Nagas, Kimpurushas, Siddhas, Vidyadharas, and Uragas. All these begot with a gladdened heart several thousands of Vanaras of huge bodies roaming in the forests and resembling lions, and tigers in their haughtiness and strength. All of them threw stones and fought with trees. All of them had nails and teeth as weapons and were accomplished in all astras. They

could move the largest hills and shake even firmly rooted trees. They could disturb with their impetuous bodies even the lord of rivers, the Ocean and rend with their feet the earth. They could cross the mighty ocean, could penetrate into the welkin and capture even the clouds. They could subdue even mad elephants that wander through the wild forest and with their furious shouts scare dead upon earth the birds of air. Thus came into being hundreds and hundred thousands of powerful monkeys assuming forms at will. All these became the leaders of the principal monkey-hordes and they in their turn generated heroic monkeys, the foremost of the leaders of herds. Some thousands of them stayed on the slopes of the Rikshavat hill while the others inhabited various other mountains and forests. All the monkey-leaders took their stand by the two brothers Sugriva the son of Surya and Valin the son of Indra and also with Nala Nila and Hanuman and other leaders of of monkey hosts. They were all endowed with the might of Garuda and were skilled in all the arts of fight and they wandered

through the forests killing, out of conceit, lions, tigers and snakes. The mighty-armed Valin of immense prowess protected all those Rikshas, Gopuchchas and Vanaras by the might of his arms. Thus the earth with its hill, wood and seas was filled with mighty ones like these of various shapes and race and kind, inhabiting different places, bearing characteristic marks, resembling masses of clouds or mountain-peaks—Vanara chiefs of mighty strength and of terrible bodies and visages, all born for the assistance of Rama.





CANTO XVIII.



OW the horse-sacrifice of the noble king was finished, the gods returned their ways after receiving their due shares. Now that the rigours of the Diksha were over, the king together with his wives entered the city accompanied by his servants, forces and equipage. All the assembled royalties were duly entertained by king Dasaratha and they all went back to their countries highly pleased, after bowing to the sage Rishyasringa. When those illustrious kings departed from that town to their own cities the forces of the king shone bright and cheerful and when those lords of the earth departed, king Dasaratha entered his town with the excel-

lent Brahmins in his front. Followed by the wise king and his retinue, Rishyasringa together with Santa started homewards after being well entertained. Having thus sent them all, the king with his desires fulfilled, lived happily in Ayodhya eagerly looking forward for the birth of sons.

On the completion of the sacrifice, six seasons passed by. Then in the twelfth month *i.e.*, in the Chitra month, on the ninth day when the influencing star was the Punarvasu, when five planets were simultaneously on the ascendent, during the Karkata Lagna, when Jupiter shone with the moon, Kausalya gave birth to the lord of the world, Rama, who was adored by the whole mankind and who possessed all divine marks. Kausalya gave birth to a noble son, the perpetuator of the line of Ikshvakus, who was one half of Vishnu himself and on account of the unequalled splendour of that son Kausalya shone resplendent like Aditi on having brought forth that foremost of the celestials, the weilder of the thunderbolt. Then was born to Kaikeyi, Bharata having truth for prowess, blessed with every

princely virtue and actually one-fourth part of lord Vishnu. Then Sumitra gave birth to twin sons Lakshmana and Satrughna both heroic and skilled in all weapons and endowed with a share of Vishnu. During the Meena Lagna under the constellation of Pushya was born Bharata of clear intellect. The two sons of Sumitra were born when the sun had arisen in Kuleera under the constellation of *Aslesha.* Thus were born separately the four noble sons of the king who were worthy of him and virtuous and bright like the Proshṭhapada. The Gandharvas sang sweetly and the hosts of apsaras danced, the celestial drums sounded and flowery showers fell from the sky. Great festivities were observed in Ayodhya by the people. The streets were crowded, filled with players and dancers, resounding with the music of singers and other performers. The king bestowed gifts on bards, minstrels and panegyrists and he also gave much wealth and thousands of cows to Brahmins. When eleven days had passed by, the king performed the naming ceremony with great pleasure. Vasishṭha conferred the names. He called

the eldest and the noblest as Rama; the son of Kaikeyi was named Bharata and the twin sons of Sumitra he named as Lakshmana and Satrughna. The king fed a large number of Brahmins as also all the citizens and country people. He also gave the Brahmins innumerable heaps of gems. He thus got performed for them all the ceremonies such as Jatakarma etc. Of these, the eldest, Rama, was pleasing to his father like a proud banner. He possessed all virtues and appeared just like the self-existent Lord. All the four became learned in the Vedas, were heroic and were intent on the welfare of the world. All were full of wisdom and possessed excellent qualities and even among these four the effulgent Rama, who had truth for his prowess, was the beloved of the world and was spotless like the moon. On the neck of an elephant or on the back of a horse or in driving a car he was equally clever Eagerly studying the *Dhanurveda* he was bent on serving his father. The lovely Lakshmana of bright form was attached to Rama even from his infancy. He always did personally everything that was

pleasing to Rama, the delight of all. Lakshmana, the bright, seemed as it were, the external life of Rama. Without him that best of men did not obtain sleep. Even the best of viands he never partook without him. When Rama started ahunting on his horse Lakshmana always followed him with his bow and arrows as a protection and that younger brother of Lakshmana, Satrughna likewise become ever dear to Bharata, dearer to him than life itself. With these four noble and beloved sons Dasaratha became exceedingly joyful like the Grandsire with the Vedas. When they became possessed of knowledge and endued with all good qualities, modest, famous, all-knowing and far-sighted, Dasaratha, the father of such powerful and effulgent sons, became delighted like the lord of the worlds, Brahma and those tigers among men, ever engaged in the study of the Vedas, were always bent on serving their father and became accomplished in *Dhanurveda*.

Now the virtuous king Dasaratha in company with his priests and relations began to think of wedlock for his sons. When he

was thus taking counsel in the midst of his ministers, there came the mighty ascetic Visvamitra. Desirous of seeing the king, he told the gate-keeper "Do you quickly announce the arrival of me, the son of Gadhi, sprung in the Kusika line." Hearing those words, they ran, out of fear, to the apartments of the king with trembling minds and urged by the words of Visvamitra they went in haste to the royal apartments and informed the king, the descendant of the Ikshvakus, of the arrival of the Sage. Hearing those words, the king, surrounded by his priests, went out in all earnestness to meet the ascetic, like Indra going to greet Brahma. Seeing the pious hermit glowing with celestial light, the king with a delighted countenance offered him Arghya. Having accepted the king's Arghya in accordance with the Sastras, the Sage enquired the lord of men of his welfare and of the welfare of all friends and relations in the town and the provinces. He also enquired of the prosperity of his kingdom and exchequer. "Are all the samanta kings submissive to you? Are all the enemies subdued? Have

you performed well all the human and divine rites?" Approaching Vasishtha the Sage enquired of his welfare and he also spoke to the other sages as was their due. All of them were pleased and welcomed by the king they all entered the royal apartments and seated themselves in due order. Then with a delighted heart the noble king told the great sage Visvamitra after duly adoring him—'As nectar found by a mortal, as rain upon a thirsty ground, as the birth of a son by his lawful wife to an heirless man, as the recovery of a lost thing and as the joy experienced at the sudden dawn of mighty bliss, so is your coming here to me. All welcome, mighty Saint, to you. What dear wish of your heart can I delight to fulfil? You are worthy of all my services, Oh Brahmin, and it is my luck that you are come here, Oh virtuous one. Blessed is my birth with fruit to-day. To-day has my life been well-lived. Having first shone bright with tapas which procured the title of Rajarishi, you have subsequently attained the status of Brahmarishi. Thus you are in all ways worthy of my worship. This is exceedingly

marvellous, Oh Brahman, and highly purifying to me. By thy sight, Oh lord, I consider myself as having gone to all pure kshetras. Deign to tell me what is it you would have and what is the purpose of your coming. Blessed by you, my wish is to perform your will, Oh Kausika. It is not proper for you to hesitate, for I am here to fulfill your every desire. You are indeed my God. Now has come to me great prosperity, Oh Brahman, in consequence of your arrival. Unrivalled Dharma also shall be my share." Hearing these modest words, delightful to the mind and ear, the glorious Rishi highly-renowned and crowned with highest fame and virtue, rejoiced exceedingly.



CANTO XIX.



HEARING those wonderfully eloquent words of the lion among kings, the highly energetic Visvamitra became thrilled with joy and spoke as follows—"This is worthy of you, Oh tiger among kings, and of none else—you who are sprung from a noble line and who possess Vasishtha as the guide. The words that I have in my mind do you make sure to fulfil, Oh best of kings and be true to your promise. For the purpose of obtaining my object, Oh best of men, I am observing some vows and two Rakshasas, capable of assuming different forms at will, disturb the same. When that vow of mine which is a sacrifice is about to be completed these two

Rakshasas shower flesh and blood on the altar and when that ceremony for which I have observed firm vows is thus mocked and stayed I consider my labours lost and with depressed heart I come away from the spot. Nor does the thought arise in me, Oh king, to let loose my fury because the nature of the vow is such that no curses could be pronounced there Therefore, Oh formost of kings, it behoves you to grant me your eldest son, the heroic Rama, of genuine prowess, who wears the kakapaksha. Protected by me, he shall by means of his divine energy destroy those Rakshasas the disturbers of the ceremony. I shall also without doubt confer on him manifold blessings by means of which he shall obtain renown in all the three worlds. Those two Rakshasas cannot under any circumstances withstand the might of Rama nor is there any person other than Rama capable of killing those Rakshasas. Entangled in the toils of fate, those two sinners are proud of their prowess but, Oh best of kings, rest assured that they are no match for the noble Rama. Nor is it proper for you, Oh king, to hesitate

on account of parental affection. I assure you, you had better count the two fiends as already slain. I know full well the noble Rama of sterling prowess—as also the highly energetic Vasishtha and the other ascetics assembled here. If you are desirous of obtaining lasting merit and high fame in this world, do you then, Oh king, grant me Rama. If your ministers and all the Brahmins with Vasishtha at their head grant you leave, Oh Kakutstha, then you may permit Rama to follow me. This is my wish. The sacrifice will last for ten days and may you grant me your son the lotus-eyed Rama without any attachment. Do you act, Oh Raghava, in such a way that the period of the sacrifice may not pass away. May good betide thee. Let not thy mind indulge in grief." Having said these words consistent with *dharma* and *artha* the great sage Visvamitra, the highly energetic and virtuous, paused. Hearing those auspicious words of Visvamitra the best of kings became filled with poignant grief and became bewildered with fear. Hearing the words of the ascetic which rent the mind and the

heart, the king became possessed of great fear and with sorrow-stricken heart shook in his seat.





CANTO XX.



NCONCIOUS lay the monarch for a while on hearing what was said by Visvamitra and when he regained his senses bespoke thus—"My lotus-eyed Rama has not yet reached his sixteenth year and I do not find him fit to take part in any battle with the Rakshasas. Here is a full akshauhini of forces whose lord I am. Surrounded by these I shall go and fight those demons. These servants of mine are all valiant and warlike and skilled in astras. They are capable of fighting with hosts of Rakshasas. Therefore it behoves you not to take Rama. I shall myself with bow in hand be the protector standing at the head of the battle

and I shall fight for you so long as there is any breath left in me. Your sacrifice will be unimpeded and well-protected. I shall myself proceed there and it behoves you not to take Rama. He is yet young, has not yet completed his studies does not know the strength of the forces; he is not yet acquainted with the astras and is not skilled in battle. Hence he is not fit to be mated with the Rakshasas. They are certainly very deceitful fighters. Separated from Rama, I cannot, Oh best of ascetics, live even for a single moment. Therefore it behoves you not to take Rama. If, Oh Brahmin of good vows, you still desire to take Raghava then take me also with you along with the four-fold forces. Sixty thousand years have passed, Oh Kausika, since I am born and this Rama was obtained with great difficulty. Therefore it does not behove you to take Rama. Of all my four sons I love the eldest and the highly virtuous Rama the most Therefore it behoves you not to take Rama. What is the nature of the prowess of those Rakshasas? Whose sons are they and who are they? What is

CANTO XXI.



N hearing the words of the king halting with paternal affection, the sage Kausika got enraged and replied the king thus—"Having promised me first, you now wish to break it. This is unworthy of the descendant of the Raghus and this will cause the annihilation of this family. If you consider this, Oh king, as worthy of thee I will return even as I came. Oh Kakutstha, false in promise, live happily along with your relations." When the wise Visvamitra was thus enraged the whole earth trembled and fear entered the hearts of the gods. Knowing the whole world to be perturbed, the great heroic sage, the sedate Vasishtha told the king these words—"Born in the

old Ikshvaku's line you are justice itself in another shape. You are constant and pious and illustrious. Therefore it behoves you not to abandon duty. Oh Raghava, you are renowned in all the three worlds as the adherer to truth. So maintain your dharma. It does not behove you to follow what is not dharma. Having first promised, if you now do not do it, Oh Raghava, you must lose your store of merit. Therefore let Rama go whether trained in astras or not. The Rakshasas will not be able to hurt him protected as he is by the son of Kusika just like nectar protected by blazing fire. He is an incarnation of dharma and he is the best of all heroic men. He surpasses everyone else in the world by his intelligence and is the refuge of asceticism. Full well he knows the different kinds of astras that exist in the three worlds both movable and immovable. No other person knows him nor yet shall know him hereafter. Neither the gods nor the sages nor the asuras nor the Rakshasas nor the foremost of Gandharvas and Yakshas nor the Kinnaras nor the mighty Uragas know



CANTO XXII.



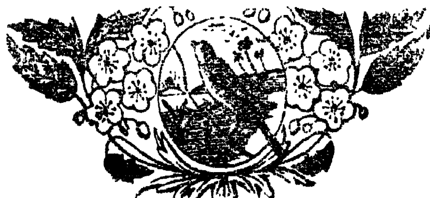
VASISHTHA was thus speaking still, when the king Dasaratha with a pleased countenance called his son Rama along with Lakshmana. When the benediction had been pronounced both by the mother and the father Dasaratha, when Vasishtha the family priest had uttered the auspicious mantras, the king Dasaratha smelt his son's crown and gave him to the son of Kusika with a delighted heart. Then, there blew a breeze pleasant to feel and free from dust on beholding the departure of the lotus-eyed Rama along with Visvamitra. When those great ones started, there was a great shower

of flowers, the sounding of divine trumpets and the noise caused by the blowing of conchs. Visvamitra went first, then followed the famous Rama and following him went Lakshmana wearing the kakapaksha and armed with bow. Armed with quivers and bows and gracing the ten directions, they followed the noble Visvamitra like the three-headed serpants. They followed Visvamitra with bows in hand, well decked, with the finger-protector made of godha skin duly fastened and shining bright with the sword. The two beautiful brothers, princes Rama and Lakshmana possessing faultless limbs and coupled with lustre followed Visvamitra like the two fiery Gods the incomprehensible God Siva.

Having proceeded over half a yojana they reached the right bank of the Sarayu and there Visvamitra addressed the following sweet words to Rama— "Oh child, partake of this water. Let there be no delay. Receive the selection of mantras as also Bala and Atibala. There shall be no weariness for you nor any anxiety nor any change of form. The demons will not

overwhelm you even if you are asleep or careless. There shall be no one in this world to equal thee in the prowess of thy arms. In all the three worlds, Oh Rama, there shall be none equal to you. Oh faultless one, in fortune or in tact or in knowledge or in firm intelligence or in ready retort there shall be none to equal you in the world. If you have mastered these two sciences you shall have no equal. Bala and Atibala are, as it were, the mother of all wisdom. Hunger and thirst you shall no more have, Oh Rama the best of men, if you repeat Bala and Atibala on the way When you master these two mantras you shall have untold renown. These two sciences are the offsprings of the Grandsire and are coupled with great energy. I wish to bestow them on you, Oh Kakutstha, because you are indeed worthy of them. Oh virtuous one, several desirable virtues are to be found in you and there is no doubt that when you acquire these like tapas, they shall assume manifold forms in you." Then Rama bathed in water and with pure and gladdened heart received from the self-

controlled Sage the two sciences of Bala and Atibala. Possessed of their knowledge, Rama shone bright and powerful just like the lord Surya of thousand rays during the autumn. Then after doing all the services needed for Visvamitra, all the three of them spent that night happily on the banks of the Sarayu. Although the excellent sons of king Dasaratha lay down together on an unbeseeming bed of grass, yet in consequence of the fondling words of Kusika's son the night appeared to pass pleasantly away.

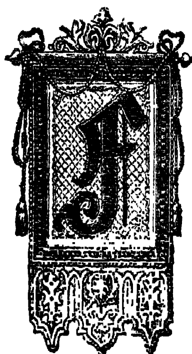


the body. Thus his body was destroyed when he was burnt by the Lord. Kama was deprived of his body by the anger of the lord of the gods. Thenceforward he became, Oh Raghava, to be known as Ananga and the place where he was deprived of his body is the lovely land of Anga. This sacred hermitage belongs to Siva and these ascetics ever bent on dharma were once his disciples. They are not tainted with any sin. We shall, Oh Rama of lovely appearance, stay here for the night in the midst of the holy rivers and shall cross the same to-morrow. Let us all enter the holy hermitage, Oh best of men, pure, after bath and prayer and sacrificial oblations. As they were conversing thus, the ascetics were greatly delighted to discover them by means of their far-reaching spiritual vision and rejoiced exceedingly. They offered *Arghya* and *Padya* and other rites of hospitality first to the son of Kusika and then welcomed Rama and Lakshmana with all honor due to guests. Having experienced their hospitality the guests delighted them with their conversation. Then the sages duly

performed their evening prayers with concentrated minds. They lived happily in that lovely hermitage along with the ascetics of excellent vows in the place allotted to them by its dwellers, and the best of sages, the virtuous Visvamitra entertained both the lovely princes with sweet tales.



CANTO XXIV.



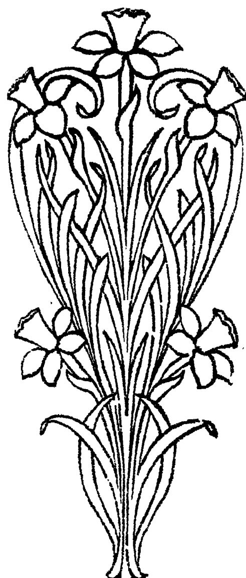
INE dawned the morning when the two repressors of their foes reached the banks of the river led by Visvamitra who had finished his morning rites. All those noble ascetics rigorous vows had stationed an elegant rge and addressed Visvamitra thus—"May you ascend this barge, Oh lord, given precedence thereto by the princes. May your way be prosperous. Let there be no delay" Visvamitra said "So be it" and after paying due homage to those sages crossed the Ocean-going stream along with those two princes. When they reached the middle of the stream, Rama with his younger brother heard a roar which increased their

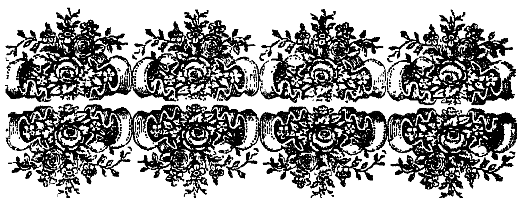
mental confusion. Then in the middle of that stream Rama asked that best of sages "What is this loud uproar that appears to cleave the water in the middle?" Hearing those eager words of Rama the virtuous sage told the cause of the uproar. "There is, Oh Rama, in the Kailasa hill a lake created mentally by Brahma and hence, Oh tiger among men, it is named Manasa lake. From that lake flows the river that embraces Ayodhya. Since it proceeds from a saras it is named Sarayu. It is sacred because it flows from the lake of Brahma and this terrible noise is due to the clashing of the waters as it joins the *Jahnavi* Do you, Oh Rama, bow to it with all attention." Then both those exceedingly virtuous princes bowed to those two rivers and reaching the southern bank proceeded with fleet vigour. Beholding before them a gloomy and awe-inspiring forest, the prince of the Ikshvaku line enquired of the best of sages—"Ah, deep is this forest resounding with the cries of crickets and filled with terrible and ferocious beasts and different kinds of birds with dismal notes and piercing

screams and graced with lions, tigers and bears and elephants and crowded with various trees such as Dhavas, Asvakarnas, Kakubbhas, Bilvas, Tindukas, Patalas and Badaris. What terrible forest is this?" The great sage Visvamitra of powerful energy replied him thus—"Hear, Oh child Kakutstha, to whom belongs this terrible forest. There existed once before in this place two flourishing provinces, Oh best of men, named *Malada* and *Karusa* designed by celestial architects. In days of yore, Oh Rama, on the occasion of the destruction of Vritra the thousand-eyed one became besmirched with dirt and affected with hunger and Brahminicide. The gods and the sages, having penance for their wealth, caused that Indra to bathe and freed him from the dirt with the waters of their kalasas. Having cleansed the body of Indra from dirt and defilement, the gods became greatly delighted. When Indra became pure, freed from dirt and defilement, he conferred, out of pleasure, an excellent boon on those regions—"These two fertile provinces shall obtain renown in the world, since they retain

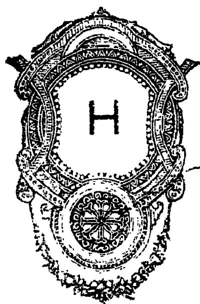
the washings of the blot and stain of my body. They shall be known as Malada and Karusa." Beholding the land thus honored by the wise Indra, the gods approved of his action and told Pakasasana "Well done, well done." These two fertile provinces Malada and Karusa were prosperous for a long time with wealth and grain. Oh repressor of foes. Then after some time was born a yakshi capable of assuming different forms at will and possessing the strength of a thousand elephants. Her name is Taṭaka. May good betide thee. She is the wife of the intelligent Sunda and her son is the Rakshasa Maricha equal to Indra in prowess. That highly powerful Rakshasa of dreadful form with round arms, broad face and a huge frame frightens these people always, and the wicked Taṭaka harasses, Oh Raghava, these two provinces of Malada and Karusa. She lives on our way at a distance of over half a yojana and hence we go by the forest of Taṭaka. Resorting to the might of your arms you shall slay this one of wicked deeds. By my direction you had better free this country of this thorn. No

one dares to approach such a place infested as it is, Oh Rama, by the dreadful and unbearable yakshi. I have now related to you all about this terrible forest and even to this day every one here is being destroyed by that yakshi without any redress."





CANTO XXV.



EARING those excellent words of that unfathomable ascetic, that foremost of men answered him in these happy words—"Oh best of ascetics, it is said that Yakshas possess but little prowess. How is it that this one of the weaker sex possesses the strength of a thousand elephants?" When Visvamitra heard these words of the noble Raghava, he replied thus—"Listen, how she came to be so powerful. The strength of that one of the weaker sex is due to a boon conferred upon her. There existed in days of yore a

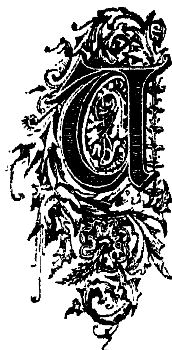
powerful Yaksha named *Suketu*. He was childless and of good habits. He performed rigid penance at which the Grandsire was mightily pleased with the lord of the Yakshas. He gave him the gem of a daughter known by the name of Taṭaka and the Grandsire gave her also the strength of a thousand elephants. The illustrious Brahma did not grant a son to that Yaksha. When the girl grew up and attained youth and beauty he gave that famous damsel as wife to Sunda, the son of Jambha. After the lapse of some time the yakshi gave birth to a son named Maricha, the irrepressible, who became a Rakshasa on account of a curse. When Sunda was killed, Oh Rama, Taṭaka with her son began to harass the best of sages—Agastya. Eager to devour him she became enraged and rushed at him with a roar. Seeing her rushing at him, the divine sage Agastya cursed Maricha thus—"Do you become a Rakshasa" and swayed by mighty anger Agastya cursed Taṭaka also. "Oh great Yakshi, since in frightful form and with an awful face you desire to eat a human being, you shall cast off your

present form and wear a terrible appearance." Indignant at his curse, Taṭaka, overwhelmed with rage, lays waste this fair region where once dwelt the saint Agastya. Do you, Oh descendant of Raghu, in furtherance of the good of Brahmins and cows slay this exceedingly terrible yakshi of wicked ways and vile prowess. There is none in the three worlds, Oh Joy of the Raghus, save thee who would dare to kill this accursed being. Nor, should you, Oh best of men, shrink out of compassion from slaying a woman. The son of a king should do it for the welfare of the four Varnas. Cruel or otherwise, sinful or guilty it should be done by a ruler for the sake of protecting his subjects. Such is the eternal rule for those who bear the kingdom's weight. Do you, Oh Kakutstha, slay this impious fiend, for, there is no virtue in her. We hear, Oh king, that in days of yore Sakra slew the daughter of Virochana, Manthara by name who wished to destroy this earth. Similarly, Oh Rama, Vishnu destroyed long ago the devoted wife of Bhrigu and the mother of Kavya who desired to make the world

void of Indra. By these as well as by numerous other noble and excellent people, have been slain, Oh prince, women bent on wickedness.



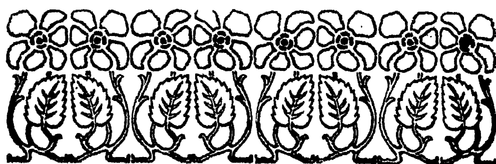
CANTO XXVI.



IGOROUS spoke the saint and the noble monarch's offspring, the descendant of Raghu, firm in his vows, on hearing it, answered with reverend hands laid together—"In pursuance of the words of my father and on account of the veneration in which I hold the parent's words, this has to be done without any inquiry, since these are the words of Kausika. I was commanded thus in Ayodhya by my noble father Dasaratha in the midst of elders and his words ought not to be disregarded. So, I shall certainly, without doubt, slay Taṭaka as commanded by you, the knower of the Vedas and in accordance with my father's words. I am prepared to do this deed for the sake of the

good of the Brahmins and cows and for the welfare of this world, in obedience to the words of yourself of immeasureable energy." Saying thus the repressor of foes grasped his bow in the middle with his fist and twanged the bow-string fiercely causing the directions to ring with the sound. By that sound the dwellers of the Taṭaka-forest became frightened and Taṭaka also, amazed at the sound, became exceedingly wrath and rendered almost insensible by anger that Rakshasi furiously rushed towards the spot whence proceeded the sound. Beholding that frightful one of hideous form and colossal proportion fully enraged, Raghava spoke thus to Lakshmana—"Behold, Oh Lakshmana, the dreadful and hideous form of the Yakshi. Her very sight would cleave a timid heart into two. Behold the demon hard to smite and defended by her magic might. I will now turn her back deprived of her ear and nose. I am not eager to slay her because of her feminine sex. I intend just to check her in her course and deprive her of her prowess." While Rama spoke thus, Taṭaka impelled by rage and roaring, flew at Rama

with uplifted arms. Just then the Brahmarishi Visvamitra assailed her with a menacing sound and hailed the princes with the words—"May the descendants of Raghu be blessed and come out victorious." Then the demoness Taṭaka raised a horrid cloud of dust and by means of that dazed the two descendants of Raghu for a while. Then with the aid of her magic powers she poured upon them a mighty shower of stones. Then Rama became angry. He resisted that mighty shower of stones with a shower of arrows and as she charged afresh he cut her hands away with winged darts. Thus rid of her arms and tired, she was roaring by their side when Lakshmana in fury severed her ear and nose. Thereupon the Yakshi capable of assuming forms at will tried various shapes and then vanished from their eyes bewildering them with her illusory displays. Still she showered stones and roamed wild. Then the illustrious Visvamitra the son of Gadhi, beholding the two princes harassed on all sides by that stony shower, addressed them thus—"Enough of thy mercy, Oh Rama, this Yakshi is very wicked and sinful. She dis-



CANTO XXVII.



HAVING rested for the night, the illustrious Visvamitra, with a pleasant smile, spoke to Rama these sweet words. "I am much pleased, may good betide thee, Oh highly famous prince. With great pleasure I confer upon you all the astras by means of which you will be able to vanquish all forces, be they gods or asuras or gandharvas or uragas and subduing them you will be victorious. I shall confer all those celestial astras on you. May good betide you. I will give you, Oh Raghava, the strong and divine *Dandachakra* and also *Dharmachakra* and the *Kalachakra* as well. I will likewise give you, Oh foremost of men, the fierce *Vishnuchakra* as also the astra of

Indra namely the *Vajra* or the thunderbolt. Similarly Siva's trident and the astra known as *Brahmasiras* and *Aishika*. I will give you, Oh powerful one, the unexcelled *Brahmastra*, as well as, Oh prince of the Kakutstha race, the two clubs—the flaming *Modaki* and *Sikhari*. I will also give you, Oh Rama, the *Dharmapasa* and the *Kalapasa* and the astra *Varunapasa* as well. I give you, Oh Raghunandana, the two thunderbolts the moist and the dry as also the astras of *Pinaka*, *Narayana* and the *Agneya* weapon called *Sikhara* and the *Vayavya* weapon named *Prathama*. I give you, Oh faultless one, the weapon named *Hayasira* as also the *Krauncha*. I give you likewise, Oh Kakutstha, the two *Saktis*. The *Kankala*, the dreadful *Musala*, the *Kapala* and the *Kankana*, all these weapons which the asuras wear I give you. I also give you, Oh powerful and excellent prince, the great astra of *Vidyadhara* and the best of swords named *Nandana*. The favourite Gandharva weapon known as *Manava* and the two weapons of sleep and rest known as *prasvapana* and *prasamana* I give you, Oh Raghava, along



CANTO XXVIII.

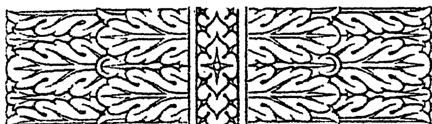


RECEIVING those astras Kakutstha the pure, with a joyful countenance told Visvamitra as they were proceeding along—"I have received, Oh lord, the astras that are irrepressible either by gods or by asuras and I wish to know, Oh best of sages, how to restrain them." When Kakutstha spoke thus the austere and highly intelligent Visvamitra communicated to him the Mantras for restraining the powers of the astras already taught. Satyavat, Satyakirtti, Dhrishta, Rabhasa, Pratiharatara, parangmukha, Avangmukha, Laksha, Akshavishama, Dhritanabha, Sunabha, Dasaksha, Satavaktra, Dasasirsha, Satodara, Padmanabha, Mahanabha, Dundunabha

Sunabha, Jyotisha, Krisana, Nairasya, Vimala, Yogandhara, Haridra, Daityapramathana, Suchirbahu, Mahabahu, Nishkuli, Viruchi, Archirmali, Dhritirmali, Vrittiman, Ruchira, Pitrya, Saumanasa, Vidhuta, Makara, Karavirakara, Dhana, Dhanya, Kamarupa, Kamaruchi, Moha, Avarana, Jrimbhaka, Sarvanabha, Santana and Varana—all these, Oh Rama, the issues of Bhrisasva are very effulgent and capable of assuming different forms at will. Receive all these from me. May good betide thee. You are fit for them, Oh Raghava. Then Kakutstha, with an exceedingly delighted heart, said "So be it," and those weapons with divine lustrous forms and endowed with visible shapes were all capable of conferring boons. Some of them were like burning coals and some like clouds of dusky smoke. Some resembled the Sun and the Moon and all of them with folded hands humbly addressed Rama with these sweet words—"Here we are, Oh tiger among men, command us as to what we are to do for you." Raghunandana replied—"You had better now go wherever you list. When I think of you during times of need you had

better come and render me assistance." When they took leave of Rama after coming round him and saying "So be it," they went their ways. Having learned these weapons, Rama addressed these sweet honeyed words to the great sage Visvamitra as they were proceeding along—"What is yonder wood, hard by the hill, appearing like clouds? I am eager to know it. It is lovely, abounding in beasts and exceedingly pleasant. It is ornamented with different kinds of sweet-voiced birds. We have, Oh foremost of ascetics, come out of a terrible and awe-inspiring forest. I am sure of this because of the charming nature of this region. Tell me all these, Oh lord. Whose is this hermitage? Where is that region, Oh lord, reaching which those wicked and evil-minded Brahmin-destroyers create all kinds of disturbances to your sacrifice and where I have to protect, Oh great sage, your sacrifice after killing those Rakshasas? Oh best of ascetics, I long to hear all this."





CANTO XXIX.



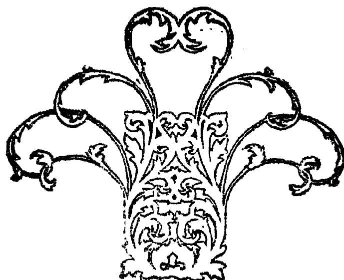
RAMA of unequalled prowess enquired all about that forest and the highly effulgent Visvamitra began to answer in detail—" Hear, Oh highly powerful Rama, the best of gods, lord Vishnu of mighty tapas dwelt here for several years, for hundreds of Yugas, carrying on his tapas and yoga. This was, Oh Rama, the original asrama of Vamana the great, renowned as Siddhasrama, for here indeed the great penance became perfect. Just at that time the son of Virochana, the king Bali, renowned in all the three worlds, having conquered the hosts of the gods along with Indra and the Maruts, established that

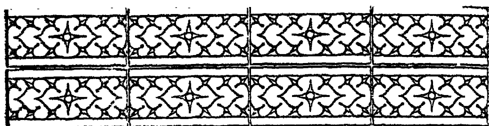
kingdom of his. When Bali began to perform a sacrifice the devas with Agni at their head came personally to Vishnu in this hermitage and addressed him thus—"Bali, the son of Virochana, Oh Vishnu, is performing a great sacrifice. May you accomplish your object while the sacrifice is incomplete. Whoever approaches him abegging from any direction whatever he grants unto them all that they desire. Therefore, Oh Vishnu, may you, for the sake of the welfare of the gods, become a dwarf by means of your power of *maya* and accomplish the most auspicious event. Meanwhile, Oh Rama, the sage Kasyapa resembling fire in splendour and brilliant with energy, in company with Aditi and with her assistance, accomplished his vow for a thousand divine-years and thereafter praised the destroyer of Madhu who was ready to confer boons. "By means of well-performed penance I behold thee, the best of men, full of penance, a mass of penance, an incarnation of penance and the soul of penance. I behold in your body, Oh lord, all this world. You are without beginning and incapable of description. I

take refuge in you." Vishnu was pleased and replied the sinless Kasyapa thus—"Do you choose a boon. May good betide thee. I am pleased with you and you are fit to receive a boon." Hearing those words Kasyapa, the son of Maricha, said "Oh bestower of boons, Aditi, the gods and myself crave this of thee, Oh thou of excellent vows. It behoves you to confer on us this boon. Oh lord, may you the faultless one become the son of myself and Aditi. May you, Oh destroyer of asuras, become the younger brother of Sakra. It behoves you to help the celestials who are afflicted with grief and by your grace this place shall be called Siddhasrama and when your object is accomplished, Oh Lord of the celestials, ascend from hence." Then the highly effulgent Vishnu was born of Aditi and having assumed the form of a dwarf approached the son of Virochana. He begged for three steps of land and having obtained it, the Soul of the world, bent on the welfare of all mankind, stood occupying all the worlds. And having subdued Bali with his prowess the highly effulgent one gave back to

Mahendra, the three worlds, and subjected them again to his control. This hermitage which is capable of removing fatigue was in days of yore occupied by him and with reverence, I also enjoy this hermitage of Vamana. This hermitage is infested by Rakshasas who disturb the rites. We shall now, Oh Rama, proceed to this excellent Siddhasrama and this hermitage is as much yours as it is mine. Entering that hermitage the great sage shone like the moon emerged from mist and in conjunction with the Punarvasus. Beholding him, all the ascetics who dwelt in the Siddhasrama jumped with joy and adored Visvamitra and befittingly worshipped the intelligent Sage. Likewise they showed all hospitality to the two princes and both those repressors of foes rested a while. Then the two princes addressed with folded hands the best of sages thus—"May you, Oh foremost of ascetics, enter *diksha* this very day. May good betide thee. This is Siddhasrama and everything here must be perfect. May your words become true." Thus addressed the highly effulgent and great Sage Visvamitra

entered *diksha*, pure and with subdued senses. The two princes also, having spent the night with all attention, rose early in the morning, worshipped the eastern Sandhya, bathed and with a pure heart finished the japas duly and bowed to Visvamitra who was seated after the performance of the Agnihotra.





CANTO XXX.

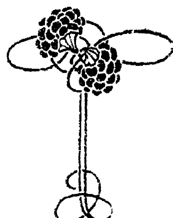


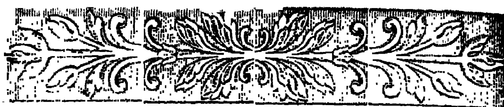
THOSE two princes, the repressors of foes, who knew the apt words at the proper time and place thus spoke to Kausika when the suitable place and time presented themselves—"We wish to hear, Oh lord, the exact time when those night-wanderers ought to be punished so that Oh Brahman, we may not let the opportunity pass. When the two Kakutstha princes spoke thus, eager to fight, all those sages were pleased and praised the princes. "For six nights from now forwards you had better be on guard, Oh Raghava. This Sage

having entered diksha shall observe the vow of silence." Hearing those words the two illustrious princes guarded the penance-grove without sleep for six days and nights. The two heroic conquerors, the mighty archers stood by quite prepared and protected the best of sages, Visvamitra. Then the days passed by and the sixth day approached. Rama addressed Lakshmana thus—"Be on the alert and quite prepared." When Rama spoke thus, all eager for the encounter, the sacrificial altar shone bright with the Upadhyaya and prohit, with darbha, chamasa, and sruk and with samit and collection of flowers. The sacrificial altar shone bright with Visvamitra in company with the ritviks. The sacrifice proceeded in all due form with the prescribed mantras. Then arose in the sky a dreadful and terrible sound. Spreading all over the sky by means of their illusion just like dark clouds during the rainy season the two Rakshasas Maricha and Subahu rushed out. They with their followers of terrible forms, having approached the sacrificial ground, rained thick blood and beholding the shower of thick blood all over the sacrificial

altar, Rama became enraged and along with his brother rushed out immediately and beheld the two Rakshasas in the sky. Seeing them rushing along, the lotus-eyed Rama addressed Lakshmana thus—"Behold, Lakshmana, these wicked flesh-eating Rakshasas scattered by the Manavastra just like the clouds by the wind." Then Rama, the highly indignant, discharged the exceedingly mighty and the gloriously dazzling Manavastra towards the chest of Maricha. Overpowered by that mighty Manavastra Maricha was thrown forward a full hundred yojanas into the midst of the sea. Finding Maricha senseless and whirling and afflicted by the might of the cold arrow and thrown out, Rama told Lakshmana—"Behold, Oh Lakshmana, this cold Manava weapon full of virtue carries him away senseless without depriving him of his life. These other Rakshasas of terrible forms, of evil ways, and sinful deeds, who are obstructors of the sacrifice, these flesh-eaters I shall destroy." Then Rama took the excellent Agneya weapon and discharged it towards the chest of Subahu. Struck by it he fell down on the

ground. The illustrious and noble prince Raghava slew the others with a Vayavya weapon and made the sages delighted. He thus killed all the Rakshasas who created obstacles to the sacrifice. The Joy of the Raghus was adored by the Rishis just like Indra at his conquest of yore. Then at the conclusion of the sacrifice, the great sage Visvamitra, observing the directions free from pests, spoke thus to Kakutstha—" I am gratified, Oh highly powerful one, you have acted according to the instructions of your elders, Oh illustrious Rama. This Siddhasrama has been truly made so.





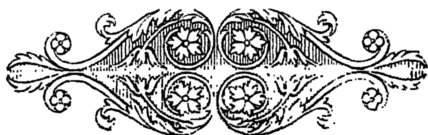
CANTO XXXI.



OYFUL on the completion of their task, the heroes Rama and Lakshmana spent the night there with glad hearts. When the night passed away and the morning dawned, they performed the morning rites and together approached Visvamitra and the other sages. Having worshipped that best of sages, brilliant like dazzling fire, the two sweet-voiced princes spoke these sweet and noble words—"Here we are come, Oh foremost of sages, your servants. Please command us as you please so that we may do your bidding." Thus addressed by them, all the great sages with Visvamitra at their head told Rama thus. "A highly meritorious sacrifice, Oh foremost of men, is to be performed by Janaka the king of Mithila. We are going there. You

had better also go with us, Oh best of men. You shall see there a wonderful gem of a bow. This dreadful bow of immeasureable energy and exceeding splendour was formerly given by the gods at a sacrificial assembly. Neither the gods, nor the gandharvas nor the Rakshasas much less men are able to bend the same. Eager to acquaint themselves with the might of that bow, highly powerful kings and princes tried in vain to fix the string on it. That bow belonging to the noble king of Mithila you will see there, Oh Kakutstha, as also the exceedingly charming sacrifice. This best of bows with its fine centre was solicited by the king of Mithila as the fruit of his sacrifice from all the gods. Ever since that sacrifice, that bow remains in the palace of that king worshipped with different kinds of scents and incense of *agaru* wood." Having told thus, the best of sages accompanied by the hosts of Rishis and by the two princes, started on the journey after taking leave of the deities of the forest. "May you be auspicious. I take leave of you from this Siddhasrama having become perfect. I go to the Himalaya Mountains

on the northern banks of the *Jahnavi.*" Thus having went round the excellent Siddhasrama he started northwards. When that best of ascetics started, he was followed by several knowers of Brahma in a hundred cars. The beasts and birds also that dwelt in the Siddhasrama followed the noble sage Visvamitra. Having sent back the birds and beasts, they went far into the forest and when the sun was setting, the ascetics halted on the banks of the Sone. When the sun had set the ascetics of untold energy bathed, offered oblations to the fire and sat with Visvamitra at their front. Then Rama together with Lakshmana worshipped those sages and sat in front of the wise Visvamitra. Then the highly effulgent Rama enquired thus of the great sage Visvamitra with eager curiosity.—"Oh lord, what place is this, graced with luxuriant woods? I am eager to know. It behoves you to inform me." Thus prompted by the words of Rama, Visvamitra of firm vows and great penance began in the midst of the Rishis to describe i. detail all about that region.



CANTO XXXII.



GREAT king of Brahma's seed named Kusa reigned of yore. He had performed high penance, was just and faithful to his vows, virtuous and adored the good. That noble king, begot of Vaidarbhi, sprung from a respectable line, four sons worthy of himself, possessing all the good qualities. They were named Kusamba, Kusanabha, Adhurtarajasa and Vasu. They were all resplendent and very enthusiastic, eager to do the Kshatriya's duty. Kusa told those virtuous and truthful sons, "Oh sons, engage yourselves in the art of protection and obtain immense merit." Hearing those words of Kusa, the four best of men, beloved

of the world, laid the foundation for four cities. The highly effulgent Kusamba founded the city of Kausambi, the virtuous Kusanabha founded Mahodaya and the king Adhurtarajasa, Oh Rama, founded Dharmaranya and the king Vasu founded the best of cities Girivraja. This Vasumati, Oh Rama, with the five best of mountains shining all round belongs to that Vasu. The sacred river Sumagadhi flows through the Magadhas in the midst of these five mountains adorning them like a garland and this Magadhi, Oh Rama, belongs to that noble Vasu. It takes an eastern course, Oh Rama, flowing through fertile lands abounding in corn. The virtuous Rajarishi Kusanabha, Oh Joy of the Raghus, brought forth a hundred peerless girls on Ghritachi. They were all endowed with youth, were beautiful and well adorned. Coming into the garden like lightning in the rainy season, they sang merrily, danced, and played all round on musical instruments. Decked with excellent ornaments they enjoyed themselves immensely. While those damsels perfect in everything and unequalled in this earth in beauty and endowed with all

good qualities, and furnished with youth and grace, were in the garden like stars in the midst of clouds, the God of wind, the all-pervader, beheld them and said, "I love you all. May you become my wives. Do you renounce this human guise and attain long lives. Youth is always passing, especially so among men. Obtaining unfading youth you shall become immortals." Hearing those words of the God of wind of easy action, the one hundred girls ridiculingly said "Oh best of gods, you roam inside all creatures. All of us know your greatness. Why do you thus mock us? We are all daughters of Kusanabha and Oh best of gods, we are capable of dislodging thee from thy place. But, we now protect our penance. Oh foolish one, may that time never come when you shall disregard our truthful father. We could choose our husbands only in accordance with dharma. Our father indeed is our guardian and he is our highest god. He to whom our father does not give us does not become our husband." Hearing those words the God of wind was highly angered and entering the bodies of all of them, the lord

broke them. Those girls broken thus by the God of wind entered the residence of the king and fell on the ground confused and overwhelmed with shame and with their eyes full of tears. Then the king, finding his supremely beautiful and beloved and helpless daughters thus broken, became bewildered and spoke—"What is this, Oh daughters, please tell me who is it that disregards dharma. By whom have you all been made cripples? Why do you twist yourselves without replying me?" Having said this the king sighed deeply and was all-attentive.



CANTO XXXIII.



EARING those words of the intelligent Kusanabha the one hundered girls touched his feet with their heads and spoke—"The God of wind, the all-pervader, Oh king, desires to overcome us. Following the inproper path he does not regard dharma. 'We have a father, may good betide thee, and have no will of our own. You had better ask us of our father; if he grants us to you—' But that wicked creature did not listen to our words and as we were saying these words we were all roughly struck by the God of wind." Hearing those words of the girls the highly virtuous and highly effulgent king replied those peerless one hundred girls—"Oh daughters, you have done a great deed of for-

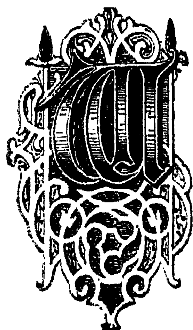
bearance which is fit to be followed by the forbearing. You have, with one accord, regarded the honor of your house. Alike to men and women forbearance is an ornament and difficult it is to exercise forbearance especially towards the celestials—the kind of forbearance, Oh daughters, which you have uniformly exercised without any distinction. Forbearance is charity, forbearance is truth, forbearance is sacrifice, Oh daughters, forbearance is fame and forbearance is duty. The whole universe is rooted in forbearance". Then dismissing the girls, Oh Kakutstha, the king, endowed with the prowess of the celestials and versed in counsel, consulted with his ministers regarding the bestowal of his daughters, the time and place and suitability of the match. Just at this time a great sage named Chuli with upturned sperm and of good practices performed the Vedic penance. Then a gandharvi named Somada the daughter of Urmila served that sage in his penance. The virtuous woman lived for a long time near the Saint meek and intent on serving him. The teacher then became pleased with her. Then on a certain

occasion he spoke to her as follows. Oh Joy of the Raghus,—"I am pleased with you. May good betide you. What good shall I do to you?" The highly delighted gandharvi who knew the use of words sweetly replied that best of sages versed in speech—"You are furnished with Brahmic lustre, and are Brahma himself with mighty austerities and I desire of you a virtuous son endowed with Vedic penance. I am without a husband. May good betide thee. And I am the wife of no one. It behoves you to grant me, your spiritual attendant, a son." That Brahmarishi granted her such a son with pleasure. He is known as Brahmadatta the mental son of Chuli. That king, the son of Somada lived with great lustre in the city of Kampilya like the lord of the celestials in the heavens. The highly virtuous king Kusanabha resolved at that time to grant his one hundred daughters to Brahmadatta. Calling Brahmadatta, the highly effulgent lord of earth gave away his one hundred daughters with an exceedingly delighted heart and king Brahmadatta also, Oh Joy of the Raghus, received in due order the hands of those girls like the

lord of the celestials, The moment he touched their hands they were rid of their crooked shapes and freed from anxiety all the one hundred girls shone with great lustre. Seeing them thus freed from the God of wind, the king Kusanabha became mightily pleased and enjoyed exceeding delight. Then the king sent away the newly married king Brahmadatta along with his wives and Somada also, finding her son suitably mated, was well pleased and the gandharvi duly welcomed her daughters-in-law and rejoiced exceedingly seeing them and touching them and praising Kusanabha.



CANTO XXXIV.



HEN that Brahmadatta went back after the marriage, Oh Raghava, that issueless Kusanabha performed the *Putriya Ishti* for obtaining a son. When the *Ishti* was in course of progress the noble Kusa, the son of Brahma, told the lord of the earth Kusanabha as follows—"Oh son, a worthy and virtuous son shall be born to you named Gadhi and you shall obtain eternal renown by him." Having thus addressed the lord of the Earth,—Kusanabha, Oh Rama, Kusa entered the skies and reached the eternal Brahmaloka. Then after the lapse of some time the wise Kusanabha gave birth to the exceedingly virtuous Gadhi. He is my father, Oh Kakutstha, Gadhi the highly virtuous. I am born in the family of

Kusa and hence I am known as Kausika, Oh Joy of the Raghus. There was also a sister to me, Oh Raghava, born before me, of pure vows, named Satyavati who was married to Richika. Following her husband she went bodily to Svarga and she has proceeded thence as the noble river Kausiki. Desiring the welfare of the world, that sister of mine flows as a divine river with sweet and holy waters from the Himalaya Mountains. Hence only I live happy and content on the slopes of the Himalayas out of affection for my sister Kausiki. The highly auspicious and holy and chaste Satyavati ever intent on truth and duty flows now as the best of rivers Kausiki. I left her side on account of my vow, Oh Rama, and reached Siddhasrama where, by your splendour, I became perfect. This, Oh Rama, is my origin and I have told you all about my geneology and about this region of which you have asked me, Oh powerful one. Half of the night has passed away, Oh Kakutstha, while I repeated these stories. May you now go to sleep. May good betide you, so that there may not be any obstacle to our journey here. All the trees

are motionless, the birds and animals are still and all the directions are enveloped in nocturnal darkness, Oh Joy of the Raghus. The twilight has slowly disappeared, the sky is filled with eyes as it were, the stars and planets shine densely, the moon also has risen, her cool rays dispelling the gloom of the world and gladdening the hearts of the creatures with their lustre. All the creatures that would roam in the night are wandering here and there—the hosts of Yakshas, Rakshasas and the terrible flesh-eaters." Saying thus, the highly effulgent and great Sage ceased and all the other sages adored him saying "Well, well. This line of the Kusikas is great and ever virtuous and all those best of men born in that line are highly noble, resembling Brahma himself. Especially so, are you the highly illustrious Visvamitra and the best of rivers Kausiki also adding lustre to the family." Thus praised by those best of sages, the illustrious son of Kusika obtained sleep just like the Sun who had set. Rama along with Lakshmana praised that best of sages with admiration and courted the sweets of the pillow.

CANTO XXXV.



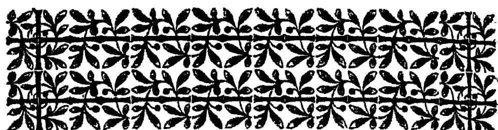
HAVING spent the rest of the night on the banks of the Sone along with the Maharishis, when the morning dawned Visvamitra said—"The night has passed away, Oh Rama, and morning has well dawned. The eastern Sandhya has commenced. Arise, arise and start towards the journey. May good betide you." Hearing those words, Rama rose up, performed the morning rites and started on the journey and spoke thus—"This Sone of lovely waters is shallow, and adorned with sandy islets. By what path, Oh Brahman, are we to cross this?" Thus addressed by Rama, Visvamitra replied "This path has been fixed by me by which the Maharishis

go." Thus told by the intelligent Visvamitra the Maharishis went along beholding different kinds of forests. Having gone a long way, when it was noon they beheld the best of rivers, the *Jahnavi*, worshipped by ascetics. Seeing that holy river frequented by swans and cranes, all the ascetics and the two princes were exceedingly delighted. Then they made a halt on the banks of that river, bathed duly, and appeased the *Pitris* befittingly. They performed the Agnihotras and ate of the excellent oblations. Then they all sat on the pure bank of the Jahnavi with joyful hearts. Having seated themselves all around, with the noble Visvamitra in the centre, Rama cheerfully addressed Visvamitra thus—"Oh lord, I like to hear how the three-pathed river Ganga happens to embrace all the three worlds and reach the lord of rivers." Thus urged by the words of Rama the great sage Visvamitra began to speak of the origin of the Ganga and her growth. "There is a lord of mountains named Himavat the great mine of all ores. Two girls of matchless beauty were born to that lord of mountains. Their mother is

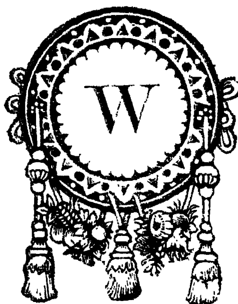
named the charming Mena, the beloved wife of Himavat, the daughter of Meru. Of the two daughters of Himavat the eldest is this Ganga, the second is the girl named Uma, Oh Raghava. Then the gods desiring the welfare of all the celestials begged of that lord of mountains, the eldest daughter, the three-pathed Ganga. Himavat also, desirous of the welfare of all the three worlds, gave away in accordance with virtue, the free-flowing and world-purifying Ganga. Receiving the same, the celestials, who always performed the good of the world, took the Ganga with them and went away with gratified hearts. The other daughter of the mountain-lord performed, Oh Joy of the Raghus, fierce penance observing rigid vows. That best of mountains Himavat gave away that daughter Uma, full of severe penance and worshipped by the whole mankind, to Rudra, matchless in form. Thus this best of rivers the Ganga and the goddess Uma are both the daughters of the king of mountains and are, Oh Raghava, adored by the whole world. Thus have I told you, Oh child of best gait, how the three-pathed river Ganga

originally went to the heavens. This lovely divine river, the daughter of the lord of mountains, sinless and with flowing waters then ascended the world of the celestials."





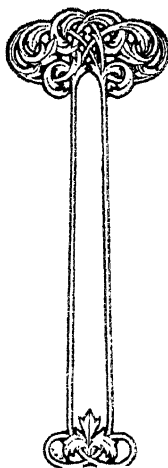
CANTO XXXVI.



HEN the ascetic had spoken thus both the heroes Rama and Lakshmana admired the story and told that best of sages—"You have, Oh Brahman, told us this highly virtuous story. It behoves you to tell us in detail the story of the elder daughter of the king of mountains; all about her divine and mortal origin, for you know all the details. What was the reason for that world-purifier to go by three ways? How has that excellent river Ganga came to be known as Tripathaga? What are her performances in all the three worlds, Oh virtuous one?" When Kakutstha said thus, Visvamitra, having penance for his wealth,

began to relate to him in the midst of all the ascetics that history in detail. "In days of yore, Oh Rama, the blue-throated God Siva of mighty asceticism, after his marriage, saw his spouse and out of love began to copulate. As that blue-throated God, the wise Mahadeva was sporting thus, a hundred divine years passed away, and yet Oh Rama, destroyer of foes, no son was born to them. Then the gods from the Grandsire downwards became exceedingly anxious. They thought 'if a creature is born of this union, who will be able to bear the same.' Then all of them approached God Siva and after bowing to him said—"Oh lord of lords Mahadeva, ever bent on the welfare of the world, it behoves you to be propitious at the humble salutations of the celestials. The worlds, Oh foremost of celestials, are incapable of bearing your energy. Therefore, for the welfare of the three worlds be pleased to perform penance along with your spouse coupled with Vedic asceticism. Be pleased to restrain your sperm by your innate fire. May you protect the worlds. It behoves you not to destroy them all." Hearing those words of

This is the story in detail of the daughter of the mountain which I have now told you. Oh Rama, in company with Lakshmana, now hear me narrate in detail the story of Ganga.



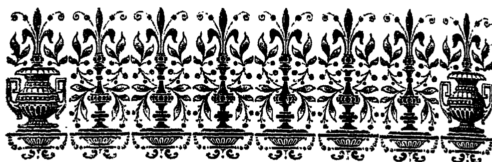
CANTO XXXVII.



N days of yore, when that God was performing the penance, the celestials in company with the sages approached the Grandsire, desirous of a generalissimo for the forces. Then all the gods, together with Indra and Agni at their head, addressed these auspicious words to the Grandsire after bowing to him—"Oh God, he who promised us in days of yore a general for our forces, now performs severe penance in company with Uma. Therefore, be pleased to tell us, Oh knower of means, what we should now do to further the welfare of the world. You are our supreme source." Hearing those words of the gods, the Grandsire of all the worlds appeased them by sweet words and said—

"What has been said by the Mountain's daughter, that sons will not be born to you of your wives, is really true. Her words are infallible. There is no doubt about that. This is the celestial Ganga on whom the God of fire will beget a son who shall be the foe-subduing generalissimo of the celestials. The eldest daughter of the lord of mountains shall treat that son with regard and Uma also will approve of it without doubt." Hearing those words of his, Oh Joy of the Raghus, the gods were gratified and bowing to him all of them adored the Grandsire. Then they went to the Kailasa hill full of ores and all the gods commissioned Agni for a son. "This Oh lord, is the work of the celestials and may you have it done, Oh God of fire. Oh highly effulgent one, be pleased to discharge the vital energy into the Ganga, the daughter of the mountain." Having promised the gods to do so, the God of fire approached Ganga and said— "May you bear this embryo, for even this is the desire of the gods." Hearing the words of Agni she assumed a divine form and beholding her greatness the God of fire

shrank on all sides. Then the God of fire sprinkled her on all sides with the energy and all the waters of the Ganga were full of the same, Oh Joy of the Raghus. Then the Grandsire told that foremost of the celestails—"Oh lord, I am not able to bear this powerful energy and on account of its fire consuming me, I feel bewildered." Then the partaker of oblations of all the gods told Ganga thus—"You had better place this embryo on the foot of the Himavat hill." Hearing those words of Agni, Ganga of mighty energy cast her exceedingly effulgent embryo on her streams, Oh faultless one, and as it came out of her, it wore the splendour of molten gold and in consequence of its fiery virtue objects near and far were converted into gold of unsurpassed splendour. While some were turned into copper and steel, the dirt was turned into tin and lead. In this way various metals began to increase on Earth. As soon as the embryo was placed at the foot of the hill, all the forests adjoining the hill were turned into gold being overspread with that energy. From that day forwards, Oh Raghava, gold which was as



CANTO XXXVIII.

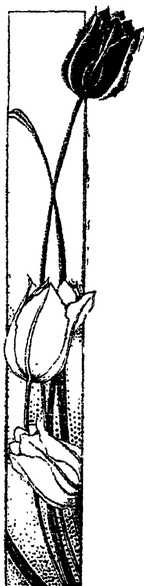


CONCLUDING thus in accents sweet and clear this tale, Kausika commenced anew another story and narrated it to Kakutstha thus—"In days of yore there was a king of Ayodhya named Sagara. He was virtuous and though wishing for children was without issue. Vidarbha's daughter Oh Rama, Kesini by name was the eldest wife of Sagara. She was virtuous and truthful. The daughter of Arishtanemi named Sumati of unequalled beauty in this earth was the second wife of Sagara. Coupled with these two wives the king went to the Himalayas, and performed penance on the peak named Bhriguprasravana. When one hundred years passed away, the ascetic

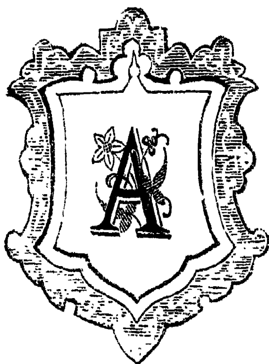
was pleased with the penance and the best of truthful sages, Bhrigu, granted a boon to Sagara. 'Oh faultless one, you shall obtain a mighty son as well as unequalled renown in the world, Oh best of men. One of your wives shall produce a single son who will perpetuate your race, The other shall produce sixty thousand sons.' When he said thus, the two princesses were highly pleased and with folded hands told him after first propitiating him. "Who is it among us that will produce a single son and who will produce many? We long to hear the same, Oh Brahman, and may your words prove true." Hearing their speech the highly virtuous Bhrigu uttered these magnanimous words —' You shall of your own accord decide the choice. One shall be the perpetuator of the line, and the several shall be highly powerful, renowned, and exceedingly enthusiastic. Tell me, which of you will choose which boon.' Hearing those words of the sage, Oh Raghunandana, the queen Kesini chose, Oh Rama, in the presence of the king, the one son who will perpetuate the race. The queen Sumati the sister of Suparna then

those the sixty thousand sons who shall be highly enthusiastic and renowned. Then the king along with his wives went round the Rishi and after bowing to him with his head returned to his capital. Then after some time had elapsed, the elder queen Kesini gave birth to the son known as Asamanja, the son of Sagara. Sumati on the other hand, Oh best of men, gave birth to a gourd-like foetus and when it was opened, sixty thousand sons came out of it. The nurses fostered them in jars filled with ghee and it was long before all of them attained to youth and after the lapse of a long time the sixty thousand sons of Sagara became youthful and beautiful. The eldest son of Sagara, Oh foremost of men, used to catch hold of the children and throw them in the waters of the Sarayu, Oh Raghunandana. After throwing them, he would laugh at them always on seeing them drowning. He was thus of evil ways, injuring good people and engaged in doing wrong to the citizens. He was therefore banished from the town. The son of Asamanja was the heroic Amsuman. He was beloved of all men and fair-spoken towards everyone.

It came to pass, Oh foremost of men, that after a long time had gone by, Sagara made up his mind to perform a sacrifice and having thus resolved, the king versed in the Vedas set about to perform the sacrifice in company with his priests.



CANTO XXXIX.

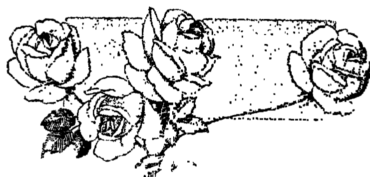


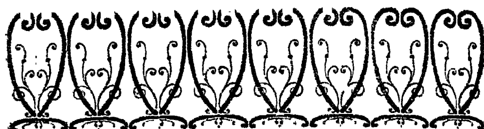
AT the conclusion of the story told by Visvamitra, Rama in a transport, addressed again the ascetic who was brilliant like fire "I long to hear the story in detail, how my ancestors, Oh Brahman, performed the sacrifice." Hearing those words of Rama full of eager curiosity, Visvamitra smiling told Kakutstha thus—"Oh Rama, listen to the story of the noble Sagara in detail. Sankara's father-in-law is the far-famed mountain Himavat. Reaching the Vindhya mountain they stand facing each other. In the regions that lie between them, Oh best of men, was commenced that sacri-

fice. That region, Oh foremost of men, is an excellent one, as a sacrificial ground. The duty of protecting the horse was performed, Oh Kakutstha, by that *maharatha*, Amsuman equipped with a powerful bow and acting according to the desires of Sagara. But Indra assuming the guise of a Rakshasa stole away the sacrificial horse that was tied to the post on the appointed day. When the horse of that noble king was being led away, Oh Kakutstha, all the priests told the Yajamana thus—"On the sacred day, the sacrificial horse is being swiftly carried away. Kill the thief, Oh Kakutstha, and bring back the horse." Hearing the words of the priests the king told his sixty thousand sons thus in that assemblage—"Oh sons, I do not find any means of entrance for the Rakshasas, Oh best of men, to this great sacrifice for it is protected by many Brahmins and sanctified by sacred mantras. Therefore, go ye forth, and search, Oh sons. May good betide you. Explore the whole earth, girt round with oceans: search in detail. Oh sons, each yojana and till you meet the horse dig out the earth, going by my command in search of the

stealer of the horse. Since I have entered *diksha* I shall stay here along with my grandson and priests till the steed is found out. May good betide you." Thus addressed, the highly powerful princes with delighted hearts, went forth into this world, Oh Rama, commanded thereto by their father. They dug out each yojana of earth in detail, Oh best of men, with their claws resembling Vajra in hardness. Turned by tridents resembling thunderbolts and with terrible ploughshares the earth groaned in pain, Oh Raghunandana. Then there arose, Oh Rama, a loud uproar from serpents and asuras, and rakshasas and other creatures that were being slaughtered, and these heroes, Oh Raghunandana, excavated this excellent earth for sixty thousand yojanas. Thus, those sons of the king dug out the whole of Jambudvipa filled with mountains, Oh best of kings, and went round on all sides. Then the gods along with asuras, gandharvas, and pannagas became anxious and all of them approached the Grandsire. Having propitiated the great one, they told Him these words with great fear and with a sorrowful countenance. "Oh lord, the sons of Sagara,

are digging out the whole of the earth. Several great ones, the dwellers of the waters are being slain. 'This is the thief of our sacrifice and by him is stolen our horse'— Saying thus, Sagara's sons are slaughtering all creatures.





CANTO XL.



ON hearing the words of the celestials the lord Grandsire replied those highly frightened gods who were bewildered by the exhibition of prowess like that of Yama. "That Vasudeva to whom all this Earth belongs has now assumed the form of Kapila and sustains the Earth unceasingly. These princes will be burnt by the fire of his wrath. The excavation of the earth also and the destruction of the short-lived sons of Sagara has been foreseen long ago." Hearing the words of the Grandsire the three and thirty devas were mightily pleased and went back their ways. As the sons of Sagara were excavating the earth

there arose a mighty noise like the bursting of thunder. Then having gone round the whole of the earth, the sons of Sagara came together to their father and spoke thus—"We have gone round the whole of the world and destroyed all creatures, devas, danavas, Rakshas, Pisachas, as well as Uragas and Kinnaras. We have not seen either the horse or the stealer of the horse. What shall we do? May good betide you. Please consider over the matter." Hearing those words of his sons, Oh best of kings, Sagara spoke thus with anger. "Go back again. May good betide you. Having excavated the earth, catch hold of the stealer of the horse and return back with your objects fulfilled." Hearing the words of their father, the sixty thousand sons rushed towards the depths of the earth. While digging there, they beheld the elephant of the quarter resembling the hill named *Virupaksha* bearing the Earth on its head. The great elephant Virupaksha bore on its head the whole of this earth together with its mountains, Oh Raghunandana. When on the sacred days, the mighty elephant shakes its head owing to

fatigue, Oh Kakutstha, then takes place the earthquake. Having gone round that mighty elephant of the quarter and having honoured him duly, Oh Rama, these sons of Sagara went on still further piercing the earth. Having dug out the eastern quarters they dug the South. In the southern quarter also they saw the mighty elephant, the noble *Mahapadma*, resembling a huge hill likewise holding the Earth on its head. On beholding it, they marvelled greatly. Having went round it, the sixty thousand sons of the noble Sagara dug up the western quarter. In the western quarter also they saw a great mountain-like elephant of the quarter, the highly powerful *Saumanasa*. They went round him also and enquired of his welfare. Then they dug up the northern quarter and in the northern quarter also. Oh foremost of the Raghus, they beheld *Bhadra* of beautiful body, white as snow, bearing this Earth. They went round him and greeted him and the sixty thousand sons of Sagara went on excavating the Earth. Having gone to the renowned north-eastern quarter, the Sâgaras, the sons of Sagara furiously dug up the

earth and there, the noble, vehement and powerful Sâgaras beheld the eternal lord *Vasudeva* in the guise of Kapila. They also beheld the horse roaming before him at no great distance. All of them became exceedingly delighted, Oh Raghava, and considering him to be the thief of the horse they rushed at him with eyes reddened with anger, with spades and ploughs, carrying different kinds of bows and stones. With great fury, they said, "Stay, stay, you have stolen our sacrificial horse, Oh wicked one. Know us to be the sons of Sagara who have approached you" Hearing those words of the sons of Sagara, the sage Kapila, Oh Raghunandana, overwhelmed with rage uttered then the menacing sound. Then, Oh Kakutstha, all the sons of Sagara were reduced to ashes by that noble and incomparable sage Kapila.



CANTO XLI.



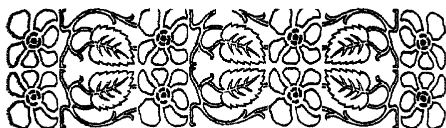
OTING the long absence of his sons, Oh Raghunandana, the king Sagara addressed thus his grandson who was bright with his innate fire. "You are heroic, and accomplished and you are equal to your elders in energy. Following the path of your uncles, track the robber of the horse. Since the creatures that inhabit the interior of the earth are strong and mighty, you had better take with you your bow and sword for the purpose of resisting them. There to the reverend pay reverence and kill the foes who obstruct your way. Then turn back successful and thus be the means of completing my sacrifice." Thus enjoined by the noble Sagara, Amsuman of fleet vigour took his sword and bow and

went out. That best of men, prompted by the king, went along the path dug out in the interior of the earth by his noble uncles. He also saw the highly effulgent elephant of the quarter adored by Daityas, Danavas, Rakshas, Pisachas, Patagas and Uragas. He went round the elephant, enquired about its welfare and then enquired about his uncles and the stealer of the horse. The elephant of the quarter heard the words of Amsuman and told him in reply—"Oh son of Asamanja, you shall soon return with the horse with your object fulfilled." Hearing those words he began to ask of all the elephants of the quarters duly and respectively. All those elephants of the quarters cognizant of words and skilled in speech adored him and told him that he would return with the horse. Hearing those words of theirs, he of fleet vigour reached the spot where his uncles the Sâgaras were reduced to ashes. Then the son of Asamanja became immersed in grief and cried in great affliction on account of their death That best of men afflicted with grief saw also the sacrificial horse roaming at no great distance. Eager to offer oblations

of water to those princes, the highly effulgent one, though desirous of water, did not find any lake near by. His quick eye searching all round, he found, Oh Rama, the king of birds, the uncle of his uncles, Suparna, resembling the Wind. That highly powerful Vainateya spoke to him thus—"Oh best of men, do not grieve. The destruction of these are for the welfare of all. These highly powerful ones were consumed by the peerless Kapila. So it behoves you not to offer them watery oblations as is usual in the world. There is the eldest daughter of Himavat named Ganga. Go and offer oblations to these *pitris* in that Ganga. She, the world-purifier, will be able to lift up all these that are reduced to ashes. When these ashes are washed away by that lovely Ganga, the sixty thousand sons shall obtain Svarga. Go back, Oh best of men, taking the horse and it behoves you, Oh hero, to complete your grandfather's sacrifice." Hearing the words of Suparna, the highly heroic Amsuman, quickly took hold of the horse and went back to the king. Reaching the king who was in diksha, Oh Raghunandana, he informed him

of all that happened as also of the words of Suparna. Hearing this sorrowful intelligence from Amsuman, the king completed his sacrifice duly and in accordance with the Sastras. The lord of the earth then entered his Capital after the completion of his sacrifice. But the king could not find out the means to bring Ganga. Without being able to find out the means for a long time the monarch ruled for thirty thousand years and then ascended the heavens.





CANTO XLII.



AMA'S call took away Sagara, Oh Rama, and his subjects selected the righteous Amsuman as their king. Amsuman proved a great ruler, Oh Raghunandana, and his son was the celebrated Dilipa. Having conferred the kingdom on Dilipa, Oh Raghunandana, Amsuman performed severe penance on a sacred peak of the Himalayas. For thirtytwo thousand years the highly illustrious and effulgent Amsuman stayed at that penance-grove and then, Oh Rama, he ascended the heavens. The exceedingly powerful Dilipa hearing of the destruction of his grandsires became afflicted with grief and he could not ascertain his course of action

about it. "How will the Ganga come down? How can watery oblations be given to them and how will I uplift them?" These were the thoughts that engrossed him and as that virtuous one who knew the Self was ever contemplating thus, an eminently virtuous son named Bhagiratha was born to him. The highly effulgent Dilipa performed several sacrifices and governed his kingdom for thirty thousand years. Not having reached any conclusion regarding the uplifting of his ancestors, Oh best of men, the king became sick and reached a natural end. As a result of his own deeds the king reached the Indra-loka after installing his son Bhagiratha in the kingdom, Oh best of men. The virtuous Rajarishi Bhagiratha also, Oh Raghunandana, was childless and desiring to get one, the highly effulgent and issueless king consigned the kingdom to the care of his ministers and bent on getting down the Ganga, he performed a long penance at Gokarna, Oh Joy of the Raghus. With arms upraised, and the five fires blazing around and above, eating once a month and with his senses subdued, he performed his terrible penance.

A thousand years thus rolled away, Oh highly powerful one, when the lord of all creatures, Brahma, became highly pleased. Then the Grandsire together with the hosts of celestials came to the noble Bhagiratha who was performing penance and told him—"Oh Bhagiratha, of high glory, I am pleased with you, Oh lord of men, and with your well-performed penance. Choose a boon, Oh possessor of excellent vows." The highly effulgent and glorious Bhagiratha replied to the Grandsire of all the worlds with folded hands—"If the lord is pleased with me, if my penance is to bear fruit then let all the sons of Sagara receive watery oblations from me. Let the ashes of my great ancestors be washed in the waters of the Ganges. Let all my great grandfathers thereby go to heaven. Further, Oh lord, deign to grant an offspring so that the line of the Ikshvakus may never languish for want of the same. Oh God, let this be my chief boon." When the king had finished, the Grandsire of all the worlds replied in sweet and kind and auspicious words—"Oh Bhagiratha, high are thy wishes, Oh Maharatha. Let it be as you wish. May

good betide you, Oh perpetuator of the line of the Ikshvakus. This product of Himavat, this Ganga is the elder daughter of Himavat and the Earth, Oh king, will not be able to bear her descent, and to hold her, Oh king, I find none capable save the God Siva, the wielder of the trident." Having thus addressed the monarch, and having also spoken to Ganga, the Creator of the worlds along with the gods and maruts repaired to the heavens.



CANTO XLIII.



ONE was the lord of lords and Bhagiratha, Oh Rama, fervently remained for a year pressing the earth with one of his toes, with arms upraised, without support, with air as his food, refusing rest, still as a post, and awake both night and day. When the whole year passed away, Oh repressor of foes, the lord of creatures, the adored of the whole world, the husband of Uma, the God Siva, approached the king and told him thus—"I am pleased with you, Oh best of men, and I shall do you a good. I shall bear the daughter of the mountains on my head." Then the elder daughter of Himavat, the adored of all mankind assumed the form of a mighty stream and with an unbearable rush fell down from the skies on the head of the auspicious Siva. The irrepressible and divine

Ganga thought thus—"I shall enter *patala* carrying away Sankara with me in my streams." Realising her intentions to be full of pride, the lord Hara became enraged and the three-eyed God resolved to suppress her. When that holy Ganga fell on the sacred head of Rudra Oh Rama, she was caught in the tangled locks of his hair which resembled Himavat and in spite of her endeavours she was not able to reach the earth. Nor could she find egress from out of the tangled locks and for several years she was forced to rove there. Not beholding her, Bhagiratha again performed severe penance there and pleased with that, Oh Raghunandana, the God Siva released Ganga towards the lake Bindusaras. When she was set free, seven streams began to flow. Hladini, Pavani and Nalini—these three streams of Ganga rolled their lucid waters along the Eastern direction, Suchakshus, Sita and the great river Sindhu—these three of auspicious waters went towards the West. The seventh followed the king Bhagiratha and Bhagiratha also ascending the divine car went forward and Ganga followed the highly

effulgent one. Coming down from the heavens on to the head of Saṅkara, thence alighting on the earth, the waters of Ganga flowed with echoing noise. The Earth looked beautiful with swarms of fallen and falling fishes and tortoises and dolphins as well. Then the celestials, sages and gandharvas, Yakshas and Siddhas mounted on excellent elephants, horses, and cars resembling cities beheld there the descent of the Ganges from the skies to the earth. The gods stationed on cars were struck with surprise at that most wonderful sight in the world, the descent of the Ganga and all the celestials of immeasureable lustre assembled there, eager to witness the sight. In consequence of the assemblage of the celestials and the splendour of their ornaments, the firmament, free from clouds, shone as if with hundred Suns. What with the dolphins and serpents and what with the restless fishes, the sky flashed as it were with lightning streaks. White foam clouds and silvery spray were wildly tossed over by thousands like swans scattered in the autumnal sky. Sometimes the river ran rapidly, sometimes crooked, sometimes

long and sometimes bent, sometimes raised up and sometimes very slovenly. In some places the waters clashed with each other and very often they rose up and fell down on the earth and the clear and pure water was then very pleasing. All the devas, sages, gandharvas and the inhabitants of the world bathed in that water considering it to be sacred since it fell from the body of Siva. Those who had fallen from the sky to the earth owing to some curse bathed there and became freed from sin. Cleared of their sins by that water, they again ascended the sky and reached their own worlds. The whole world was highly pleased and bathing in that shining water became freed from dirt. The Rajarishi Bhagiratha being seated in a divine car went forward and the illustrious Ganga followed him. The gods together with all the Rishis, Daityas, Danavas and Rakshasas, Ghandharvas, the best of Yakshas, Kinnaras and the great Uragas and all the Apsaras, Oh Rama, as also all the aquatic animals followed Ganga who went in the wake of Bhagiratha. Wherever the king Bhagiratha went, there followed the famous Ganga, the

best of rivers and the destroyer of all sins. Then, when Janhu of wonderful deeds was performing a sacrifice, the Ganga flowed though his sacrificial ground, at which insult, Oh Raghunandana, the sacrificer became enraged and wonder of wonders, drank all the waters of the Ganga! Then the gods and the sages and the gandharvas were wonder-struck and adored that best of men, the noble Janhu. They prayed that the noble one would consider Ganga as his own daughter. Then the highly effulgent one became pleased and released her through his ears. Hence only this Ganga is called the daughter of Janhu and hence her name *Janhavi.* Ganga followed again the wake of the chariot of Bhagiratha and that best of rivers then reached the ocean. For the purpose of fulfilling his object she reached the underground and the Rajarishi Bhagiratha also took Ganga with great effort and beheld with an afflicted heart his great grandfathers reduced to ashes. Then the sacred waters of the Ganga washed away that heap of ashes and freed from their sins all of them went to the heaven, Oh best of Raghus.



CANTO XLIV.



EACHING the shores of the ocean, the king followed by Ganga went into the Earth to the spot where his ancestors had been reduced to ashes. When the ashes, Oh Rama, were washed by the waters of the Ganga the Lord of all the worlds Brahma, told the king thus—"You have lifted them up, Oh best of men. They have gone to the heaven like celestials—all the sixty thousand sons of the noble Sagara. Oh king, as long as the waters of the ocean endure in the world so long shall the sons of Sagara stay in Svarga like gods. This Ganga also shall be your elder daughter. She shall be known in the world after your name. Since she runs in all the three worlds she shall be known as *Tripathaga*. Oh lord of men, you may now offer watery oblations to

all your grandfathers and fulfil the vow. Your ancestor of great renown, Oh king, though he was the best of all the virtuous, was not able to obtain his wish. Similarly, Oh child, Amsuman of unequalled splendour who had vowed to bring down the Ganga was not able to fulfil his vow. And the highly powerful Dilipa also, Oh glorious one, who was equal to me in penance, who observed strictly the duties of a Kshatriya, and who was a Rajarishi on account of his qualities and splendour that resembled those of a Maharishi, even he who was your father, Oh faultless one, was not able to obtain his desire *viz.*, the descent of the Ganga. That vow, Oh best of men, has now been fulfilled by you. You shall now obtain signal glory in the world by common consent. By this descent of Ganga which you have brought about, Oh repressor of foes, you have obtained the mighty abode of Dharma. Bathe yourself, Oh best of men, in the ever-pure waters of the Ganges and become pure, Oh tiger among men, and win the fruit of merit. Perform also the watery oblations of all your grand-fathers, may good betide you. I go to my

world. You shall also now take leave, Oh king." Saying thus the Lord of the gods, the grandfather of all the worlds went back the way he came, to the divine regions. The Rajarishi Bhagiratha also performed the watery oblations for the Sâgaras in due order and according to the Sastras. Then the illustrious king bathed and having become pure entered his town, Oh best of Raghus. He ruled his kingdom with ever-increasing prosperity. The people also were very much pleased with him in having obtained him as their king, Oh Raghava. Free from grief and free from anxiety he lived always prosperous. I have now told you, Oh Rama, in detail the story of the Ganga. May bliss attend you, may good betide you. The Sandhya time is going fast. He who recites this story which confers, prosperity, fame, long life, sons and heaven, to Brahmins, Kshatriyas and others, pleases his ancestors, and pleases the gods as well. He who listens to this sacred story of the descent of Ganga, Oh Kakutstha, shall obtain all his desires; all his sins shall be destroyed and his life and fame shall increase.



CANTO XLV.



HEARING the words of Visvamitra, Rama together with Lakshmana was much struck with wonder and spoke to Visvamitra thus—"You have told us, Oh Brahman, this highly marvellous story, the sacred descent of Ganga and the filling up of the ocean." As he was thinking in company with Lakshmana over the sweet story told by Visvamitra the night passed away quickly. Then, when the day dawned, Rama the repressor of foes having performed the morning rites told the great sage Visvamitra —"The night has passed away. We have heard the story we longed to hear and as we were meditating over the story that you

told us, Oh highly austere one, the night passed away in a minute as it were. We shall now cross the best of rivers the sacred Tripathaga. Learning of your approach here, this boat with its lovely seats belonging to the sages of holy deeds has quickly arrived here." Hearing those words of the noble Raghava, Visvamitra crossed the river along with the Rishis and Raghava. Having reached the northern shore and having adored the sages, they halted on the banks of the Ganges and saw the city of Visala. Then that best of sages together with Raghava went quickly to the lovely city of Visala resembling the divine Svarga. Then the highly intelligent Rama with folded hands enquired of the great sage Visvamitra all about the excellent city of Visala. "Which Dynasty was the king in Visala, Oh great sage, I long to hear the same. Eager is my curiosity." Hearing those words of Rama, the best of sages began to narrate the ancient story of Visala." Hear me, Oh Rama, narrate the auspicious story of Indra. What happened in this town, you shall truly hear the same, Oh Raghava. Formerely in the

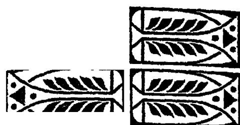
Krita Yuga, Oh Rama, the sons of Diti were very powerful and the sons of Aditi also, Oh glorious one, were both heroic and virtuous. Then all those noble sons began to think thus, Oh best of men—"How shall we become free from death, old-age and sickness." When those noble sons were considering over it, Oh Rama, they thought of having the milky ocean churned and thereby obtaining the essence. Then having resolved upon the churning, they made the serpent Vasuki the churning chord, and making the Mandara hill the churning post, those highly effulgent ones began to churn. After the lapse of a long time a deadly poison resembling kalagni arose, Oh best of men, and it is known as *hálâhala* poison. Both the gods and asuras were highly frightened and were burnt by the fire of that poison. They took refuge of lord Mahesvara and the lord Siva made that poison into a small ball, took it in his palm and for the welfare of the whole world the lord Paramesvara, the adored of the gods, swallowed it with great ease and retained it in his neck. Then all of them freed from anxiety bowed to that God of

gods, the Vrishadhvaja. Then making Mandara the churning post as before, those of immeasureable energy renewed their churning. Then the base of that mountain entered the Patala whereupon the gods and the asuras stayed still, afflicted with much grief. In order to allay the grief of the devas the God Purushottama came there and said, "Leave off fear, may good betide you. I shall raise up the mountain from there." Saying thus he entered the milky ocean in the form of a tortoise. Taking the Mandara mountain on his back the God who had assumed the shape of a tortoise increased in size. Then, Oh best of men, it arose high beyond the reach of the gods and the asuras. Then Madhava with his left hand pressed the peak of the mountain and the God Vishnu known as Narayana also churned in the midst of the gods. When a thousand years had passed away first arose Dhanvantari with danda and kamandalu, Oh Rama. Then followed the highly resplendent Apsaras. They are called Apsaras, Oh best of men, beause those exceedingly beautiful women are the rasa (essence) that arose out

of the churning of the waters (*ap*). Sixty crores of such shining Apsaras arose and their attendants, Oh Kakutstha, are beyond count. They were not accepted either by the devas or danavas and in consequence of this non-acceptance all of them are considered as common. Then arose the glorious Varuni, Oh Raghunandana, the daughter of Varuna who began to seek for acceptance. The sons of Diti did not accept that daughter of Varuna. On the other hand, the sons of Aditi, Oh hero, accepted that pure one. Hence Diti's sons became Asuras and Aditi's sons are Suras and the Suras were full of joy on account of the acceptance of Varuni. The best of horses Uchchaiḥsravas as well as the best of gems the Kaustubha arose thence, Oh best of men. Likewise came the excellent *amrita* or the nectar. Then on its account tremendous was the carnage, Oh Rama. The sons of Aditi destroyed the sons of Diti and the Asuras together with the Rakshasas assembled together and Oh hero, mighty and terrific was the battle that struck terror into all the three worlds. When all had become exhausted the highly powerful

Vishnu, assuming by his *maya* the form of Mohini, quickly carried away the nectar. Those that rushed at Vishnu, the undiminishing Purushottama, were all crushed in battle by that all-pervader, Vishnu. The heroic sons of Aditi slew the sons of Diti in that highly terrific battle between the sons of Diti and Aditi. Having slain the sons of Diti and obtained the kingdom, Purandara (Indra) happily ruled the world along with the hosts of Rishis and Charanas.



CANTO XLVI.

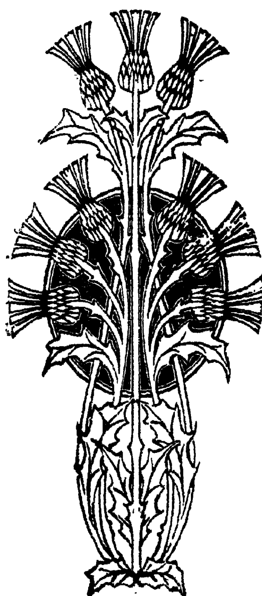


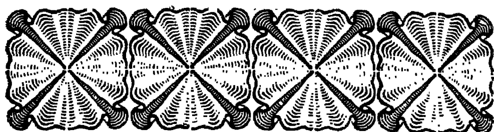
ITI became much afflicted with grief when all her sons were killed and she thus addressed Oh Rama, her husband Kasyapa, the son of Maricha. "Oh lord, all my sons are killed by your very powerful sons. As a result of long austerities I now desire a son who will be able to slay Indra. I will now perform austerities and it behoves you to grant me a son who shall be powerful and a skilled bowman, steadfast and impartial. Be pleased to grant me such a slayer of Indra." Hearing those words of her, the highly effulgent Kasyapa the son of Maricha replied Diti who was much afflicted with grief—"Let it be as you wish. May good betide you. Be pure, Oh Saint. If

you are pure at the end of a thousand years you shall give birth to a son who shall kill Indra in battle. You shall through me produce a son who shall bear all the three worlds." Saying thus the highly effulgent one smoothed her with his arm. Having thus touched her and blessed her, he went away to perform penance. When he was gone, Oh bull among men, Diti was highly pleased and reaching Kusaplavana she performed very rigid penance. When she was doing the penance, Oh foremost of men, the thousand-eyed deity most dutifully attended on her. Indra brought for her fire, kusa-grass, faggots, water, fruits and roots and whatever else that was desired. By massaging her body and by removing her fatigue Sakra at all times served Diti. When, Oh Raghunandana, there were only ten years for the completion of the thousand, Diti became highly pleased and told the thousand-eyed Indra "Oh best of gods, when I entreated your noble father for the grant of a son, he gave me the boon at the end of thousand years. Now I am performing the penance and only ten more years remain, Oh best of heroes.

May good betide you. At the end of that period you shall see your brother. I shall make him befriend you though he may be eager to vanquish you. You shall both together enjoy the three worlds free from anxiety. Having told Indra thus, when it was noon the divine Diti, with her feet placed at the part of the bed where her head should be, was overpowered by sleep. Thereupon, seeing that impure act *viz.*, the placing of the head where the feet should be and *vice versa* Sakra laughed and became pleased. Purandara entered into her body and that highly self-controlled one severed her embryo into seven parts. When the embryo was thus being broken by the thunderbolt of Indra it cried sweetly, Oh Rama, and then Diti woke up. "Do not cry, do not cry," exclaimed Sakra to the embryo and though it cried the highly effulgent Indra severed it. "Do not kill it, do not kill it."—Thus said Diti and out of respect forhis mother's words Indra came out and with folded hands together with the thunderbolt he told Diti. "You have slept impure, Oh mother, by placing your feet where you

should place the head. Obtaining that loophole, Oh lady, I severed into seven, the slayer of Sakra in battle. May you be pleased to excuse me."





CANTO XLVII.



HEN the embryo was broken into seven, Diti with great grief conciliatingly addressed the irrepressible thousand-eyed Indra. "By my fault it is that the embryo has been severed into seven and made fruitless, Oh lord of the celestials. There is no fault of yours here, Oh destroyer of Vala. Since calamity has befallen the embryo I wish to give it a good turn. Let those seven become the guardians of the seven Maruts. Let those seven, Oh son, roam in the skies as Vataskandhas. Let these sons of mine of divine forms be known as Maruts. Let one roam in the Brahmaloka and another in the Indraloka. Likewise let the third renowned as Vayu roam in the skies. Let the four remaining sons of mine, Oh best of celestials,

roam about in the quarters by your command. May good betide you. Let them be known in the world as Maruts, the name that you yourself have given them." Hearing those words of her the thousand-eyed Indra, the destroyer of Vala, with folded hands replied Diti—"All this shall happen just as you have stated. There is no doubt about it. Your sons as celestials shall roam about as you desire. May good betide you." Thus settling the affair between themselves in that penance-grove, the mother and the son, Oh Rama, with their objects fulfilled, went to the heavens. This is what we have heard. This is the place, Oh Kakutstha, which was inhabited of old by Mahendra, where he served Diti of accomplished asceticism.

Ikshvaku, Oh best of men, had a highly virtuous son born of Alambusa known as Visala and by him was built at this place the city known as Visala. Visala's son, Oh Rama, was the powerful Hemachandra and after Hemachandra was the renowned Suchandra. Suchandra's son, Oh Rama, was known as Dhumrasva. Dhumrasva's son was Srinjaya. Srinjaya's son was the illustrious

and powerful Sahadeva. The highly powerful Kusasva was the son of Sahadeva. Kusasva's son was the powerful and highly effulgent Somadatta and Somadatta's son was the renowned Kakutstha. His highly effulgent son now rules this city like the celestials. He is named Sumati the unconquerable. By the grace of Ikshvaku all the kings of Visala are long-lived, noble, heroic and very virtuous. We shall happily spend to-night here, Oh Rama, and to-morrow morning, Oh best of men, it behoves you to meet Janaka."

The highly effulgent and illustrious Sumati hearing of the approach of Visvamitra went forward to meet him. Having highly adored him along with his priests and relations with folded hands that best of men enquired after his welfare and told Visvamitra thus—"I am fortunate. I am blessed since the great sage has thought of me. Since I have seen him, there is none more fortunate than myself."



CANTO XLVIII.



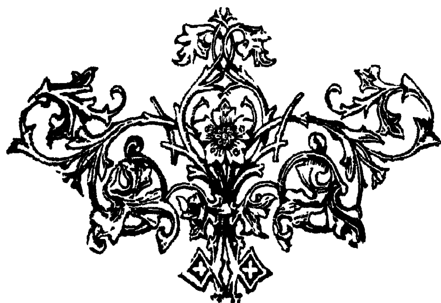
UTUAL enquiries were made at the meeting of each other and at last the king Sumati addressed the great sage Visvamitra thus—"May good betide you. These two princes resemble the gods in prowess, possess gait like that of elephants or lions, are heroic like tigers and bulls, possess expansive eyes like lotus-petals, wear sword, bow and quiver, are like the Asvins in grace, full of youth, look like two celestials having come to the earth by chance from the world of the gods. Whose sons are these? What for have they come and how did they reach here by foot? Adorning this region like the Sun and the Moon the sky, alike in stature,

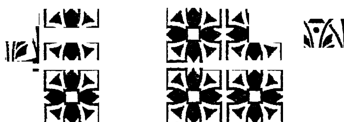
port and mien, equipped with excellent weapons, what for have these two heroes, the paragons of men, arrived here through this difficult path. I long to hear it truly." Hearing those words of his, Visvamitra narrated everything as it happened—the stay at Siddhasrama as well as the destruction of the Rakshasas. Hearing the words of Visvamitra the king was highly pleased. He duly welcomed with all rites of hospitality the powerful and worthy guests—those two sons of Dasaratha. Having received splendid hospitality from Sumati the two princes spent the night there and then went to Mithila. Beholding the beautiful city of Janaka, all the celestials exclaimed—"Excellent, excellent," and admired Mithila. On the suburbs of Mithila, Raghava saw an old and uninhabited but lovely hermitage and asked the best of sages. "This looks like a hermitage. But it is without any ascetic. What is this? I desire to hear, Oh lord, whose hermitage this was originally." Hearing those words spoken by Rama, the highly effulgent and great sage Visvamitra versed in speech replied as follows—"Ah! I shall tell

you. Hear in detail, Oh Rama. This Asrama belonged of yore, O best of men, to the noble Gautama and it was cursed by that great sage on account of anger. This divinely bright Asrama well-adored even by the gods was his and in olden days he performed penance here along with his wife Ahalya for a long series of years, Oh illustrious prince. Then on a certain day, Oh Rama, when the sage had gone far, learning of his absence, the thousand-eyed Indra assuming the guise of the sage told Ahalya these words—"Oh graceful one, those who are eager do not await the menstrual season. Oh beautiful-waisted lady, I long for intercourse with you." Knowing that thousand-eyed Indra has assumed the guise of the ascetic, Oh Raghunandana, that foolish one consented owing to her eager love for the king of the celestials. She then told the best of gods, with her heart's desire fulfilled 'Oh best of gods, I have attained my object. You had better depart soon from this place, Oh lord. Always protect yourself and me, Oh giver of honor.' Indra laughingly told Ahalya thus—'Oh lovely-hipped lady, I am pleased. I

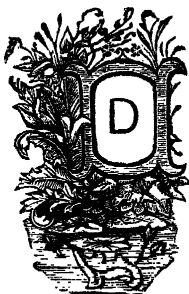
shall go back the way I came.' Having thus had intercourse with her, he then came out of the hermitage. As he was making haste dreading to meet Gautama, he actually met the great sage Gautama entering the hermitage. Seeing that best of sages with *samit* and *kusa* in his hands, irrepressible either by gods or asuras, full of the mighty strength of penance, pure by having bathed in the holy waters and brilliant like fire, the lord of the celestials became terribly frightened and lost his colour. Then seeing that wicked thousand-eyed Indra in the guise of the sage, that holy Sage knowing what happened spoke these words with rage— 'Since you have, assuming my form Oh wicked one, done this foul deed, you shall become a eunuch.' When the noble Gautama spoke thus in anger, the two testicles of Indra fell down immediately. Having cursed Indra thus, he cursed Ahalya also. 'For several thousands of years, you shall dwell here feeding upon air, without any food, tormented with repentance, lying down on the ashes. You shall stay in this hermitage unseen by any creatures. When the

irrepressible Rama, the son of Dasaratha, comes to this terrific forest you shall become pure. By doing the rites of hospitality to him, Oh wicked one, with a mind free from *lobha* and *moha* you shall then resume your own form and come to my side in bliss.' Having thus addressed that one of wicked deeds, the highly effulgent Gautama departed from this hermitage and proceeded to the peaks of the lovely Himalayas frequented by Siddhas and Charanas and performed penance there.





CANTO XLIX.



DEPRIVED of his manliness, Indra with an abashed countenance told the gods with Agni at their head, as well as the Siddhas and the Charanas—"I have accomplished the work of the celestials by stirring the ire of the noble Gautama and thereby frustrating his austerities. He has made me a eunuch and with great anger he has renounced her also. By his uttering this mighty curse, I have deprived him of his penance. Therefore, Oh ye Celestials and Saints and Charanas, it behoves you to make me fruitful again, me who have served the gods." Hearing the words of Indra the devas along

with the maruts with Agni at their head approached the divine *pitris* and said—"This sheep possesses the scrota while Indra has been deprived of the same. Do you take the testicles of the sheep and fix it to Indra immediately. The sheep though deprived of them will give you immense satisfaction and for those who offer you such a sheep for your entertainment you shall bestow on them undying and profuse merit." Hearing the words of Agni all the divine *pitris* assembled together, plucked the testicles of the sheep and joined it to the thousand-eyed Indra. Thenceforward, Oh Kakutstha, the divine *pitris* together feast upon the fruitless sheep and confer immense fruit on the sacrificer. Thenceforth, Oh Raghunandana, Indra also became possessed of the sheep's scrota by the prowess of the penance of that noble Gautama. Therefore, Oh highly effulgent Rama, enter this hermitage of that pious one and deliver the glorious and divine Ahalya." Hearing the words of Visvamitra, Rama together with Lakshmana entered that Asrama preceded by Visvamitra. He saw there the glorious

Ahalya shining bright with ascetic lustre, incapable of being seen, even while near, by all mankind or gods or asuras, as though created by the Creator with a special effort, like divine illusion itself incarnate, resembling the brightness of the full-moon hidden in dust, or the irrepressible lustre of the brilliant Sun shrouded in the midst of clouds, or the blazing flame enveloped in smoke. On account of the words of Gautama, she was incapable of being seen by the three worlds till the appearance of Rama. Now that the end of the curse has come, she became visible. Rama and Lakshmana then took hold of her feet. She also, remembering the words of Gautama, welcomed them, offered them *pâdya*, and *arghya* and with all attention performed all acts of hospitality. Kakutstha also received them in accordance with the rules. Then there was a great shower of flowers and divine drums resounded. Gandharvas and Apsaras assembled in large numbers and exclaiming 'Excellent, excellent' the gods adored Ahalya, as with her body purified by penance she again came under Gautama's sway. The highly

effulgent Gautama also, happy on his union with Ahalya, worshipped Rama duly and the great ascetic performed penance. Rama also having duly received signal worship from the great sage Gautama went to Mithila.



CANTO L.



ROCEEDING North-East, Rama in company with Lakshmana approached the sacrificial ground preceded by Visvamitra. Both Rama and Lakshmana told that best of sages thus—"The prosperity of the sacrifice of the noble Janaka is really admirable. Here are thousands of Brahmins, Oh glorious one, come from different parts of the country and well versed in all the Vedas. Here appear also several dwellings of ascetics thronged with hundreds of cars. Arrange, Oh Brahman, for a place where we may stay." Hearing those words of Rama, the great sage Visvamitra selected for their abode a lonely and well-watered spot. Hearing of the arrival of

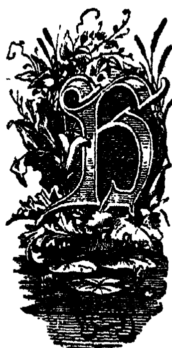
Visvamitra, the king preceded by his faultless purohit Satananda went forward in all humility to greet him. The noble ritviks also took with them Arghya and going in haste offered the same to Visvamitra with the due mantras. Receiving that adoration of the noble Janaka, Visvamitra enquired of the welfare of the king, as well of the uninterrupted performance of the sacrifice. Then, the king along with his priests and purohits enquired of the welfare of all the ascetics in due order joyfully and embraced them all. Then the king spoke to the best of sages with folded hands—"May the lord be seated along with these eminent ascetics." Hearing the words of Janaka the great Sage sat down. The purohit, the ritviks, and the king together with his ministers sat in due order all around. Seeing all seated, the king told Visvamitra—"Now my sacrifice has been made fruitful by the gods. I have to-day reaped the fruit of the sacrifice by your appearance. Oh lord, I am fortunate and I am blessed since you, Oh best of sages, have graced my sacrificial ground, Oh Brahman, along with these ascetics. Oh Brahma-

rishi, the wise ones say that twelve days more remain. Then it behoves you, Oh Kausika, to behold the celestials claiming their shares." Having said thus to the best of sages, the pure king with a cheerful countenance asked him again with folded hands—"These two princes, may good betide you, resemble the gods in prowess, possess gait like that of elephants or lions, are heroic, resemble tigers and bulls, possess expansive eyes like lotus-petals, wear sword, bow and quiver, are like the asvins in grace, full of youth, look like two celestials having come to the earth by chance from the world of the gods. Whose sons are these? What for have they come and how did they reach here by foot? They have good expanded eyes like lotuses. Both of them wear excellent weapons. They have tied the finger-protector made of gotha's skin; possessing swords they are resplendent. These heroes wearing side-locks, resemble two sons of Fire. They captivate the eyes of men by their form and noble qualities. They seem to have come here to lift me up having first brought renown to our family. They adorn these

regions like the Sun and the Moon the sky. They resemble each other in proportion, expression and gestures. Whose sons are these two princes, Oh best of ascetics? I long to hear it in detail." Hearing those words of the noble Janaka, Visvamitra introduced to him those two noble princes, as sons of Dasartha. Their stay at Siddhasrama, the destruction of the Rakshasas, their undaunted journey, their visist to Visala, the sight of Ahalya and the union with Gautama and their arrival here with a desire to acquaint themselves with the great bow—All these the highly powerful and great sage Visvamitra informed to the noble Janaka and then ceased.



CANTO LI.



HEARING those words of the wise Visvamitra, the highly effulgent Satananda of great penance became thrilled with joy. Satananda, the eldest son of Gautama, shining bright with penance became struck with wonder at the very sight of Rama. Seeing those two princes well seated there, Satananda addressed Visvamitra, the best of sages, thus—"Did you, Oh tiger among ascetics, show these royal princes to my illustrious mother sanctified by long penance? Did my illustrious mother, Oh highly effulgent one, entertain with the produce of the woods, this Rama, worthy of the adoration of all creatures? Did you narrate to Rama the old

story of my mother having been ill-treated by that God. Did my mother, Oh Kausika, become united with my father since the sight of Rama, Oh best of sages? May good betide you. Was Rama entertained by my father, Oh son of Kusika? Has the highly effulgent Rama come here, having received the worship of that noble-souled one? Did Rama the pure on his way here salute with a quiescent mind my father, Oh son of Kusika?" Hearing those words of his, the great sage Visvamitra versed in speech replied Satananda cognizant of words—"Oh best of sages, I have not omitted anything. Everything that ought to be done has been done by me. The wife has been reconciled to the sage like Renuka to Bhargava." Hearing those words of the wise Visvamitra, the highly effulgent Satananda told Rama thus—"Welcome, Oh best of men. Fortunately you have arrived here preceded by Visvamitra the unconquerable sage. He is of unimaginable deeds. He is a Brahmarishi by penance and is of immeasureable splendour. You know the highly effulgent Visvamitra as the supreme guide. There is none more fortu-

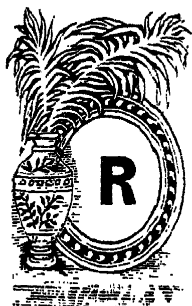
nate than yourself in the whole world, Oh Rama, because the son of Kusika who has performed mighty penance, is your guardian. Listen to me. I shall tell you all about the noble Kausika—hear me reciting everything about his strength and his deeds. He was for a long time a virtuous king, a repressor of foes, cognizant of duty, accomplished and bent on the welfare of his subjects.

There existed of old, a king named Kusa, the son of Brahma. Kusa's son was the powerful and highly virtuous Kusanabha. Kusanabha's son was well-known as Gadhi and Gadhi's son is the highly effulgent and great sage Visvamitra and the highly effulgent Visvamitra ruled the Earth for several thousands of years governing the kingdom as its king. On a certain occasion, the highly effulgent one, yoked his horses to the car and surrounded by his numerous army went round the Earth passing towns and forts and rivers and mountains and hermitages, Oh Rama. He duly came to the hermitage of Vasishtha surrounded as it was by various trees and creepers, full of different kinds of

deer and inhabited by Siddhas and Charanas. Shining bright with devas, danavas, gandharvas and kinnaras, filled with tame deer and frequented by lots of birds, always crowded with Brahmarishis, and Devarishis—noble souls who resembled fire, who had become perfect by the performance of penance, who resembled Brahma, feeding themselves on water, air, withered leaves, fruits and roots, who were all restrained, had subdued anger, and had subdued all the senses. The hermitage of Vasishtha was resplendent with sages and valakhilyas intent on japa and homa and other vaikhanasas and thus resembled another Brahmaloka. Such was the hermitage seen by the highly powerful and victorious Visvamitra.



CANTO LII

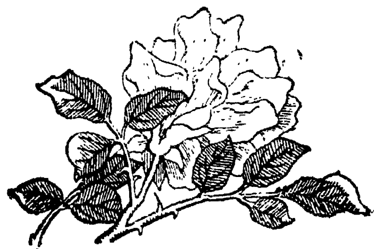


RIGHT glad was the highly powerful Visvamitra on seeing the hermitage and after duly bowing to Vasishṭha, the best of those who recite mantras, the hero was received by the noble Vasishṭha with the words "Welcome to you." The glorious Vasishṭha also ordered seats for him. While the wise Visvamitra took his seat, the great sage duly offered fruits and roots. Receiving those marks of respect from Vasishṭha, the best of kings enquired after the welfare of the penance, agnihotras and the disciples. The highly effulgent Visvamitra enquired after the woodland hosts also. Vasishṭha replied to the king that everything was well with all

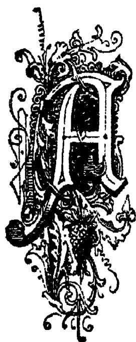
and Vasishtha the son of Brahma and the best of meditators, in his turn, enquired of the highly effulgent king Visvamitra when he was well seated—"Oh king, are you doing well? Do you, Oh virtuous hero, protect your subjects in accordance with your royal duties, pleasing them with dharma? Are all thy servants well provided? Do they all obey your orders? Oh destroyer of foes, are all thy enemies overcome? Is it all well, Oh best of men, with thy treasury and friends? Oh faultless one, are thy sons and grandsons doing well? The highly effulgent king Visvamitra, in all humility replied Vasishtha that everything was prosperous. Having thus conversed for a long time on various auspicious topics, both those virtuous ones experienced exceeding joy with mutual delight. Then in the end, Oh Raghunandana, the glorious Vasishtha smilingly told Visvamitra—"Oh highly powerful one, I wish to perform the rites of hospitality to this force of yours as also for yourself of immeasureable energy as befits your rank. May you be pleased to accept the hospitality which I offer. You are a king, the best of guests and

should be entertained with all effort." Thus addressed by Vasishṭha, the highly effulgent king Visvamitra said. "You have already done me everything by your words of respect, by the fruits and roots that exist in your hermitage, by *padya* and *achamaniya* and by the sight of your glorious Self. Thus in all ways, Oh profoundly wise one, I have been fully entertained by you who are worthy of all homage. I shall take leave. I bow to you. Be pleased to regard me with a friendly eye." When the king said thus, the righteous and generous Vasishṭha again and again pressed him to accept his hospitality. Then the son of Gadhi replied Vasishṭha thus—"Very well, Oh best of ascetics, let it be as it pleases your glorious self." Thus addressed the highly effulgent Vasishṭha, the best of those who repeat Mantras, the one who had washed away all his sins, called with great delight the dappled cow. "Come, come, Oh Sabala, be quick. Hear my words. I am eager to do hospitality to this Rajarishi along with his forces. So arrange for the entertainment of all of them with excellent and precious viands. For my sake

shower quickly, Oh yielder of all desires, everything—whatever may be desired by each one of these among the six rasas. Oh Sabala, quickly produce heaps of all kinds of food—be it the essence of food or drink coupled with viands to be licked or sucked."



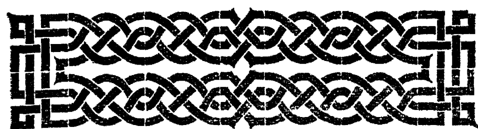
CANTO LIII.



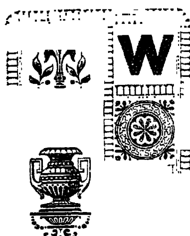
DDRESSED thus by Vasishtha, Oh repressor of foes, Sabala the producer of all desires supplied every-one with whatever he might desire—juice of sugar-cane, honey, fried rice, *maireya*, costly liquors, delicious drinks, various kinds of cakes, huge mountain-like heaps of cooked rice, prepared food, condiment, *dadhikulyas*, and of thousands of vessels filled with various sweetmeats of different kinds and tastes and of all the six rasas. Thus entertained by Vasishtha, Oh Rama, the forces of Visvamitra were well regaled, nobly fed and became exceedingly gratified. The Rajarishi Visvamitra also along with his Zenana and his Brahmin priests together with his ministers and councillors and retainers became heartily pleased with the hospitality

shown him. He told Vasishṭha with great delight—"I have been duly entertained by you, Oh Brahman, worthy of all homage. You have right royally entertained me. Please listen to my words, Oh Skilled in eloquence. I shall give you hundred thousand cows; please give me Sabala. This is the gem of a cow, Oh lord. Kings are indeed acquirers of gems. Therefore, grant me Sabala. This belongs to me by right, Oh Brahman." Thus addressed by Visvamitra, the best of sages, the virtuous lord Vasishṭha replied the lord of the Earth—"Oh king, I will not give Sabala either for hundred thousand cows or for hundred crores of cows, or for heaps of silver, Oh repressor of foes. It behoves her not to leave my side. Sabala belongs to me eternally just like fame to you. My oblations to the gods and the pitris as well as my subsistance itself are dependant on her. My agnihotra, my bali and homa, my svahakaras and vashaṭkaras, all my different kinds of learnings, all these, Oh king, depend on her. There is no doubt about that. Truly she is my all. She always delights me. On various grounds, Oh king, I will not give you Sabala."

Thus addressed by Vasishṭha, Visvamitra, versed in speech, eagerly rejoined—"I shall give you fourteen thousand elephants, decked with golden chains and necklets and goads. I shall give you eight hundred golden chariots each yoked with four white horses adorned with bells. I shall give you, Oh Sage of auspicious vows, one thousand and ten high-spirited horses of noble breeds born in famous places. I shall give you one crore of youthful and variegated cows. You had better give me in exchange Sabala. As much of gems or gold, Oh best of Brahman, as you may desire, I shall give you in full. Let Sabala be given me." Thus addressed by the wise Visvamitra the glorious Vasishṭha replied—"I will not give you, Oh king, Sabala, on any account. This is my only jewel, this is my only wealth. This only is my all and this only is my life. Darsa and Purnamasa, Yaga and Dakshina and all my other deeds likewise are due, Oh king, to this only. There is no doubt, Oh king, that this is the root of all my deeds. What is the use of dilating? I will not give you this yielder of all desires."



CANTO LIV.



WHEN the sage Vasishtha would not part with the Kamadhenu, Oh Rama, Visvamitra dragged Sabala by force. While being led away by that power-

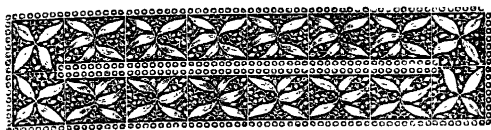
with grief and sick at heart, pondered thus weeping—"Have I been forsaken by the highly noble Vasishtha that I am thus forcibly carried away grief-stricken by the retainers of the king. What wrong have I done to that great sage of concentrated mind that that virtuous one has abandoned me who am faultless, devoted and beloved. Meditating thus and sighing again and again she then scattered the servants into hundreds, Oh repressor of foes, and approached, with the speed of the wind, the feet of that noble

sage. There she stood before Vasishtha, moaning like the clouds and the drums, and weeping and crying Sabala said thus—"Oh lord, have you abandoned me, Oh son of Brahma, that the royal servants carry me away from your side." Thus addressed, the Brahmarishi replied her who was distressed and afflicted with grief, as to his own sister. "I do not abandon you, Oh Sabala, nor have you done me any wrong. But this highly powerful king proud of his prowess forcibly carries you away. My strength is not indeed equal to that of the king, especially when, as in the present case, the king is highly powerful, a Kshatriya and the lord of the whole Earth. This Akshaubini of forces is full, abounding in horses and chariots and elephants and standards. By all means he is stronger." Thus told by Vasishtha, she the knower of speech, humbly replied that Brahmarishi of immeasureable splendour—"A Kshatriya's strength is said to be nothing, Brahmins are stronger. The divine strength of a Brahmin is considerably greater than that of a Kshatriya. Your strength is immeasureable and the highly heroic Visvamitra

is not more powerful than yourself. Your energy is inapproachable. Please command me Oh glorious one. Coupled with the strength of your Brahmic energy I will destroy the proud power of that wicked one. Thus addressed by her, Oh Rama, the highly illustrious Vasishṭha said "You had better create the forces that would destroy the enemy's army." At these words the cow Surabhi began to create. By her lowing there arose, Oh king, hundreds of Paplavas. They destroyed all the army of Visvamitra even as he was looking on. Observing his army destroyed, Oh Rama, that king, the son of Kusika, became mightily enraged and with eyes dilated with anger slew all the Paplavas with his exceedingly powerful weapons. Seeing the numerous Paplavas killed by Visvamitra, the cow in great anger created again the Sakas mixed with Yavanas. The whole of the world became overspread with these Sakas mixed with Yavanas of dazzling splendour, exceedingly heroic, resembling golden filaments, wearing long swords and spears and covered with golden-coloured dresses and all that army was burnt by these

as with flaming fire. Then the highly effulgent Visvamitra discharged several astras and by them the Yavanas and Kambhojas and Paplavas became bewildered.





CANTO LV.



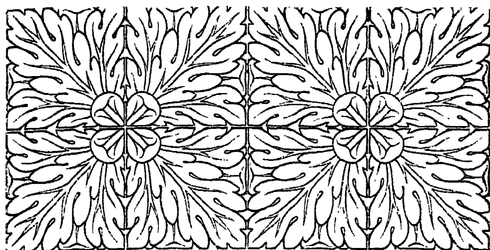
BEHOLDING them highly distressed and overwhelmed by the weapons of Visvamitra, Vasishtha directed the cow of plenty to create fresh troops through Yoga power. From her *humbha* sound came into being Kambhojas bright as the Sun. From her udders sprang the Paplavas with arms in their hands. From her organs of generation came the Yavanas and from the anus the Sakas. From the hair-cells sprang Mlechchhas, Haritas and Kiratakas. By these were destroyed in an instant all the army of Visvamitra consisting of infantry, cavalry, elephants and chariots, Oh Raghunandana. Seeing his army destroyed by the noble Vasishtha, the hundred sons of Visvamitra equipped with

various weapons rushed with great anger at Vasishṭha, the best of those who repeat Mantras. But the glorious Sage burnt them all with a menacing sound. All the sons of Visvamitra together with their horses, chariots and infantry were reduced to ashes by Vasishṭha in a moment. Seeing his sons as well as the army thus destroyed, the highly illustrious Visvamitra became ashamed and plunged in thought. Like the ocean, with its roar hushed, like a snake with its fangs crushed, like the Sun eclipsed, he became instantly deprived of his effulgence. Bereft of his sons and army, he looked like a poor bird mangled of its wings. With his pride and enthusiasm destroyed, he became full of grief. Directing one of his sons to protect the kingdom in accordance with Kshatra-dharma he went into the forest. Reaching the slopes of the Himavat frequented by Kinnaras and Uragas, he performed penance to obtain the grace of Mahadeva. After the lapse of some time the Lord of gods, Vrishabhadhvaja, presented himself before the highly powerful Visvamitra in a mood to grant boons. "What for do you perform the

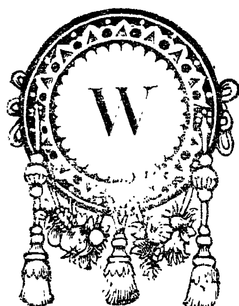
penance, Oh king, let me know your desire? I am prepared to grant you a boon. So tell me, what is it that you would desire." Thus addressed by the lord, Visvamitra of high penance bowed to Mahadeva and spoke thus. "If you are pleased with me, Oh Mahadeva, then, Oh faultless one, grant me the Dhanurveda along with its angas and upangas and Upanishads with all the mysteries. Oh sinless one, whatever astras are with the devas or danavas or great sages, gandharvas, yakshas and rakshas, let them all shine in me. Oh God of gods, let this desire of mine be granted by your grace. The lord of gods saying "So be it" disappeared. Having received the astras from the lord of gods, the highly powerful Visvamitra became highly conceited and full of pride. He swelled with heroism like the ocean during the season. He considered Vasishtha the best of sages as already slain. Having then gone to the hermitage again, the king discharged the astras and owing to the fire of the astras all that penance-grove was burnt. Beholding those weapons discharged by the intelligent Visvamitra, all the ascetics, overcome by

fear, began to flee by hundreds in various directions. The disciples of Vasishtha as well as the animals and birds became highly frightened and fled in all directions by thousands and the hermitage of the noble Vasishtha became a void and for a time was still like a dreary waste though Vasishtha exclaimed "Do not fear, I will now slay the son of Gadhi even as the Sun destroys the mist." Saying thus the highly energetic Vasishtha, the best of those who repeat Mantras, told Visvamitra in great rage. "Since, Oh fool, you have destroyed this hermitage which has been reared up for a long time, you are of wicked deeds. Therefore you shall not exist." Saying thus he became highly enraged like smokless Kalagni and speedily raised a staff resembling another mace of Yama himself.





CANTO LVI.

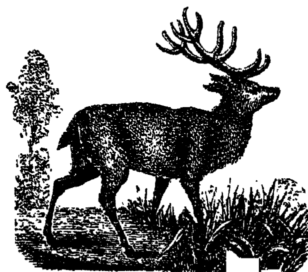


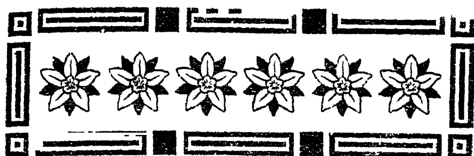
WHEN Vasishtha spoke thus, the highly powerful Visvamitra discharged the agneya astra and said "Stay, stay." The glorious Vasishtha also exclaimed in wrath after raising the Brahmadanda which looked like another staff of Yama—"Wretch of a Kshatriya, here am I. Do you display your might. I will now destroy your pride of arms, Oh son of Gadhi. Where is your Kshat-

riya might and where the great might of a Brahman. Behold my divine Brahmic power, Oh Disgrace of thy race." Even as water allays the fierceness of the fire, so the Brahmadanda quenched the energy of the powerful agneya weapon discharged by Gadhi's son. Then the son of Gadhi, waxing wrath, discharged Varuna, Raudra, Aindra, Pasupata and Aishika weapons. Likewise Manava, Mohana, Gandharva, Svapana, Jrimbhana, Madana, Santapana and Vilapana, Soshana, Darana and also the unconquerable Vajra, Brahmapasa, Kalapasa and Varunapasa. Likewise the favourite Painaka as also the two thunderbolts Sushka and Ardra, the Danda weapon, Paisacha and likewise the Krauncha weapon, Dharmachakra, Kalachakra and Vishnuchakra and the weapon Hayasiras. He hurled also the two Saktis Kankala and Musala, the mighty weapon Vidyadhara and the fierce Kalastra, the dreadful Trisula and Kapala and Kankana. All these weapons, Oh Raghunandana, he hurled at Vasishtha, the best of those who recite mantras and it was marvellous to behold. All those

weapons were baffled by that son of Brahma by means of his danda. When all of them were quietened, the son of Gadhi hurled the Brahmastra. Seeing that weapon discharged, all the gods with Agni at their head and the Devarishis also along with the gandharvas and the great Uragas became bewildered and all the three worlds were frightened at the discharge of the Brahmastra. That highly terrible Brahmastra weapon was also completely baffled by Vasishtha by the Brahmic energy of his Brahmadanda, Oh Raghunandana. When the noble Vasishtha baffled the Brahmastra, his form became fierce and terrible, striking terror into the three worlds. From the hair cells of the body of the noble Vasishtha there came out sparks of fire enveloped in smoke like rays of light and the Brahmadanda also raised by Vasishtha's arm, dazzled bright like another staff of Yama, like the smokeless fire of Dissolution. Then all the sages praised Vasishtha, the best of those that performed penance, "Your power is inexhaustible, Oh Brahman, be pleased to restrain the fire by your own

energy. Visvamitra has been overpowered by you, Oh Brahman. Be pleased, Oh best of sages, let the world be free from anxiety." Thus addressed the highly energetic Vasishtha, of great penance, became pacified and Visvamitra also overpowered, exclaimed thus with a deep sigh—"Fie upon the Kshatriya's might. The might of Brahma's energy is the real might. By one Brahmadanda, all my weapons have been destroyed. Beholding this, I shall, with a pacified mind and calm senses, perform mighty penance which shall earn for me a Brahmanahood.





CANTO LVII.



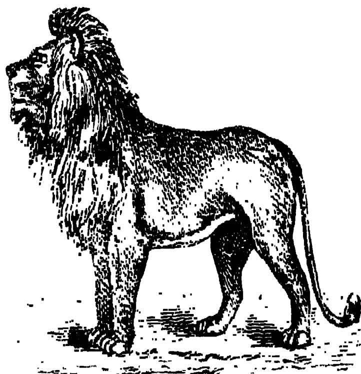
THEN with his heart consumed with woe, still brooding on his overthrow by the great Saint whom he had defied, Visvamitra of mighty asceticism sighed again and again and went with his queen, Oh Raghava, towards the South and became engaged in dreadful penance. There he begot four sons bent on satya and dharma, named Havishyanda, Madhushyanda, Dridhanetra and Maharatha. When a thousand years were complete, Brahma, the Grandsire of the world, spoke these sweet words to the ascetic Visvamitra—"Oh son of Kusika, by your penance

you have attained the regions of the Rajarishis. On account of this penance of yours, we recognise you as a Rajarishi." Saying thus the highly effulgent Lord went away along with the gods to the Brahmaloka in the celestial regions. On hearing this, Visvamitra also, with his head bent a little on account of shame, became possessed of great sorrow and spoke thus in anger—"No fruit, I ween, have I secured by the strictest penance long endured if gods and all the sages decreed to make but a Rajarishi of me." Thus pondering, Oh Kakutstha, the great ascetic, with his senses subdued, renewed his penance with sternest zeal.

Just at that time there reigned a monarch truthful and sense-controlled named Trisanku, of the line of Ikshvakus. There arose in his mind, Oh Raghava, the idea that he should perform a sacrifice by which he may reach with his own body the regions of the gods. He called on Vasishtha and communicated to him this idea and the great Vasishtha replied that it was impossible. Thus replied by Vasishtha he went towards

the South. For the purpose of fulfilling his object, the king approached his sons. He came to the spot where the sons of Vasishṭha had for a long time been performing penance. The highly effulgent Trisanku at last beheld the hundred sons of Vasishṭha, illustrious and resplendent, performing penance. Approaching all those noble sons of his guru, he bowed unto them in due order and with his head bent down a little with shame, he spoke with folded hands to all those glorious ones. "I seek protection of you. I take refuge in you who are capable of conferring it. May good betide you. I have been denied my request by the noble Vasishṭha. I am desirous of performing a great sacrifice and it behoves you to permit me. I bow unto all the sons of my guru and pray for their pleasure. With bowed head I entreat the Brahmins who are performing penance. May you be pleased with all earnestness to officiate at this sacrifice for gaining my object which is, that I should go to the celestial regions with this body of mine. Refused by Vasishṭha I do not find any other way, Oh you rich in penance, except seeking the aid of

all the sons of the guru. For all the Ikshvakus, the purohit is indeed the supreme guide. The learned purohits always uplift the kings. Therefore, after Vasishtha, you are all my divine guides."



CANTO LVIII.



HEARING those words of Trisanku, the hundred sons of the sage, Oh Rama, became excited by wrath and told the king thus—"You have been denied by your truthful guru, Oh foolish king. Then how is it you wish to go beyond him by seeking other's help. To all the Ikshvakus the purohit is the supreme guru and the words of that truthful guru are not capable of being passed over. When the glorious sage Vasishtha told you that it was impossible, how are we capable to complete your sacrifice. You are childish, Oh foremost of kings, you had better go back to your city. Oh monarch, that mighty

Saint is competent to officiate at the sacrifice of even the three worlds. How can we be able to disregard him." Hearing those words of theirs the king spoke again these words with accents tremulous with rage. "I have been denied my request by my guru and likewise by the guru's sons. I shall seek other aid. May you prosper, Oh, ye rich in penance." The sons of the Sage on hearing these words guessed the fierce intention underlying it and becoming mightily enraged cursed him. "You shall become a Chandala." Saying thus the noble ones entered their hermitage. When the night passed by, the king attained the Chandalahood wearing blue clothes with a dark body and short hair, besmeared all over with the ashes of the funeral pyre and decked with iron ornaments. Seeing him thus transformed, all the ministers left that Chandala-shaped king and ran away, Oh Rama, along with such of the citizens as followed them. The king, Oh Kakutstha, was all alone and with subdued senses and burning with grief day and night he approached Visvamitra rich in penance. On seeing him thus transformed into a

Chandala the sage Visvamitra became filled with pity, Oh Rama, and out of pity the extremely virtuous and highly effulgent Sage spoke these words to that king of dreadful appearance. "May good betide you. What is the object of your arrival here, Oh highly powerful prince, Oh lord of Ayodhya, Oh hero who has become a Chandala on account of the curse." Hearing those words of the sage, the king who has become a Chandala and who was versed in speech, with folded hands told the sage cognizant of words—"I have been denied my request by my guru and likewise by my guru's sons. In order to obtain my wish I have become changed like this. My wish was that I should go to the celestial regions with this body. I have performed hundred Yagas, but still have not obtained the fruit. I have not told an untruth up to now, nor shall I utter hereafter. I swear by my Kshatriya honour not to speak an untruth though fallen on evil days. I have performed several kinds of sacrifices and have ruled my people with great righteousness. I have pleased my noble preceptors by my character and

conduct and now when I endeavour to do a virtuous act by performing the sacrifice, my elders, Oh best of sages, are not pleased. I consider fate as the supreme power and man's endeavour to be quite useless. Fate overtakes all and fate is our supreme hope and stay. Therefore, it behoves you to favour me, who am extremely distressed, whose endeavours are baffled by fate and who crave your favour. May good betide you. I wll not go to any other. There is no other refuge for me. It behoves you to conquer fate by human exertions".



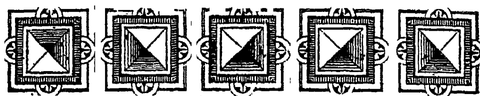
CANTO LIX.



USIKA'S son, warmed by pity at the words of the king, spoke sweetly to him who had been transformed into a Chandala. "Welcome, Oh child of the Ikshvaku race, I know you to be highly virtuous. I shall be your refuge. Do not fear, Oh best of kings, I shall invite all the sages of holy deeds to help you in your sacrifice, Oh king, and you shall then complete your sacrifice. With the body which you now wear on account of the curse of the guru, you shall with this body itself go to heaven. I consider svarga as already in your hand, Oh lord of men, since you have approached Kausika, the abode of refugees and taken refuge in me." Having said thus the highly effulgent Visvamitra commanded his exceedingly virtuous and

profoundly wise sons to make preparations for the sacrifice. Calling all his disciples, he told them these words—"Oh children, go and fetch all the hosts of Rishis by my command along with their disciples and friends and ritviks well learned in Vedas and should any summoned by my mandate say aught, do you fully and faithfully report to me his expression of slight." Then there arrived from all different countries Brahmins knowing Vedas. The disciples also returned and communicated to the Sage, brilliant like fire, the words of the several Brahmavadins. "Having heard your message, all the regenerate ones residing in all parts of the country are coming here—some have already arrived—except Mahodaya and the hundred sons of Vasishṭha. Further, Oh bull among sages, hear what answer, chilling us with fear, Vasishṭha's sons returned, speaking hoarse as with rage they burnt. 'How can celestials and Saints partake of the offerings, the king would make at the sacrificial altar—himself being a Chandala and in addition to it, the officiating priest being a Kshatriya. How can the noble Brahmins

having partaken of the food of a Chandala go to svarga protected by Visvamitra?' These cruel and scornful words did the sons of Vasishṭha together with Mahodaya utter with reddened eyes, Oh best of sages." On hearing the words of all of them, that best of sages with eyes reddened in anger told in great fury—"Since these wicked ones censure me who am faultless performing severe penance, they shall without doubt be reduced to ashes. This very day, caught in the noose of Yama, they shall sink into Yama's abode. Seven hundred times shall they be born all over as guardians of corpses with dog's flesh as their staple food. They shall roam about the world with hideous forms and foul practices known as Mushtikas, the dreadful. The wicked Mahodaya also who has censured me while I am faultless, shall be the censured of all the worlds and shall obtain the state of a Nishada, rejoicing in spilling guiltless blood, without any pity thrilling through his breast. He shall stay thus for a very long time on account of my anger." Saying thus the highly effulgent and great sage Visvamitra ceased in the midst of the Rishis.



CANTO LX.



AFTER ruining by his ascetic might the sons of Vasishtha together with Mahodaya, the highly effulgent Visvamitra spoke thus in the midst of the assembly of Rishis—"This descendant of Ikshvaku well-known as Trisanku is virtuous and munificent and has taken refuge in me with the desire of reaching the celestial regions with this very body. Therefore, you had better engage yourselves with me in the performance of the sacrifice which would enable him to go to svarga with his own body." Hearing the words of Visvamitra, all the great sages cognizant of dharma spoke to each other these words pregnant with dharma—"This son of Kusika is a

highly wrathful sage. Whatever he says we must do well. There is no doubt about that. Otherwise this sage who resembles fire, will curse us having become enraged. Therefore, let us commence the sacrifice, so that by the power of Visvamitra this descendant of Ikshvaku may go to svarga with this body. Let the sacrifice be commenced, let everyone be all-attentive." Saying thus all the great sages performed their respective duties and the highly effulgent Visvamitra became the officiating priest in the sacrifice. The ritviks also who were all well versed in the mantras, performed in due order all the acts with proper mantras in accordance with the rules and the Sastras. Then after the course of a long time Visvamitra of great penance called all the gods to partake of the sacrifice. When all the gods did not respond to his call to partake, the great sage Visvamitra became highly enraged and raising up the *sruva* told Trisanku thus in anger—"Behold the might of my penance, Oh lord of men, earned by myself, I shall by the strength of my own power lead you to svarga with your own body. Oh lord of men, go to the heaven

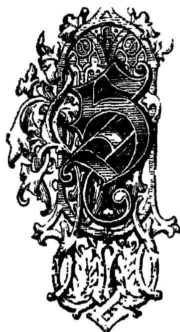
with this body and thus reach the unattainable. If there remains any fruit of the penance earned by myself, Oh king, by its power you shall reach the svarga with this body." When the sage uttered these words, that lord of men, Oh Kakutstha, went bodily to the celestial regions even as all the sages were looking on. Seeing Trisanku gone to the celestial regions, Indra together with all the hosts of celestials spoke thus—"Oh Trisanku, go back. There is no place for you made in svarga. Afflicted with the curse of the guru, Oh fool, you shall fall headlong to the Earth." Thus spoken to by Mahendra, Trisanku fell down and as he was falling down he cried to Visvamitra rich in penance to protect him. Hearing those bewailing words of his, Kausika was mightily enraged and said "Stay, stay." In the midst of the Rishis, that effulgent one looked like another Creator and he created out of anger in the southern heavens a different set of seven Rishis as also a different set of constellations of stars. Reaching the southern quarter with all the ascetics, the sage of great penance, blinded with rage, created the family

of constellations and commenced in wrath to create all the celestials saying—'I shall create another Indra or let this world be without any Indra.' Then all the gods and Asuras together with the hosts of Rishis and Kinnaras and the great Yakshas, Siddhas and Charanas, all became greatly bewildered, and told these soothing words to Visvamitra. "This king, Oh glorious one, is afflicted with the curse of his guru and so he is not fit to reach svarga with this body, Oh Sage rich in penance." Hearing those words of the gods the bull among sages, Kausika, told thus all the gods—"May good betide you. I have promised this king Trisanku that I shall raise him to svarga with this body. I do not wish to falsify it. Let this place be the eternal svarga for Trisanku in his own body. Let all these constellations of stars created by me be permanent and endure all over as long as the world lasts. Let all the gods be pleased to permit this." Thus addressed, all the gods replied that best of sages—"Let it be so. May good betide you. Let all these innumerable stars remain in the firmament outside the path of Vaisvanara and shining in their

splendour let Trisanku also stay like a celestial with head downwards, and let all these luminous bodies follow that best of kings, illustrious and successful as if he had attained svarga itself. The virtuous and highly effulgent Visvamitra, praised thus by all the gods and sages, replied to the gods "So be it." Then the gods and the noble sages rich in penance went their ways on the completion of the sacrifice, Oh best of men.



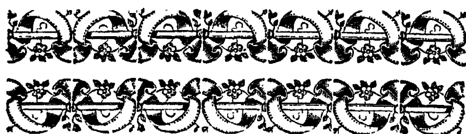
CANTO LXI.



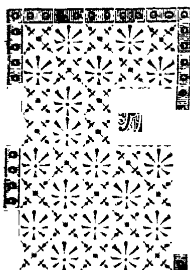
EEING the Rishis depart, the great Visvamitra, the best of men said thus to all the dwellers of the forest—"Since a great obstacle has arisen in this southern quarter where we commenced our penance, we shall go to another quarter and do the penance there. In the extensive Western Quarter, on the banks of the sacred Pushkara, we shall happily perform penance. That forest is indeed the best for penance." Saying thus the highly effulgent sage performod terrible and irrepressible penance at Pushkara eating roots and fruits. Just at this time, the lord of Ayodhya, the king known as Ambarisha, began to perform a sacrifice. While he was sacrificing, Indra carried away the *Pásu* (sacrificial animal). When the sacrificial animal was lost the Brahmin (priest) told

the king thus—" The animal is lost, Oh king, and it is lost through your dereliction. Such faults, Oh lord of men, destroy the king who fails to protect. The expiation for this fault is rather formidable. Either bring back this animal or a man in its stead, Oh best of men and that quickly before the commencement of the regular acts." Hearing the words of the purohit, that highly wise king, Oh best of men, began to search all over for the *Pasu*, offering thousands of cows in its stead. He searched all countries and villages and towns and forests as also the sacred hermitages. In the end, Oh Raghunandana, that lord of the Earth saw Richika, the son of Bhrigu seated along with his sons. Having bowed unto him and propitiated him, the highly effulgent Rajarishi of unequalled splendour told that Brahmarishi blazing with his penance. Having enquired after the welfare of everything he told Richika thus—"If Oh illustrious Bhargava, you are pleased to offer me your son as *Pasu* taking in exchange hundred thousand cows, I shall obtain my desire. I have searched all over the country and have not obtained the sacrificial animal.

So it behoves you, to sell me one of your sons." Thus addressed, the highly effulgent Richika replied—"On no account, Oh best of men, shall I sell my eldest boy." Hearing the words of Richika the mother of the noble sons said the following words to Ambarisha the best of men—"The lord Bhargava has stated that the eldest is unsaleable; know Oh king, that the youngest Sunaka is my beloved. Therefore, I will not give you, Oh king, the youngest one. Generally, Oh best of men, the eldest is the favourite of the father and the youngest of the mother. Therefore, I protect the youngest." When the Sage told thus and the wife of the Sage said likewise, Sunassepa, the middle son, Oh Rama, of his own accord said—"The father claimed the eldest as unsaleable and the mother the youngest. So I consider myself, the middle one, to be saleable. Please take me." Taking Sunassepa in exchange for hundred thousand cows, the king became highly pleased, Oh, Raghunandana, and went away. The Rajarishi Ambarisha quickly ascended his chariot along with Sunassepa and the illustrious and highly effulgent king promptly went his way.



CANTO LXII.



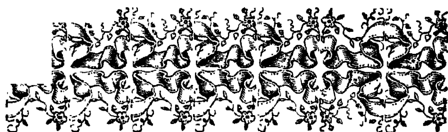
AKING Sunassepa with him, Oh best of men, the illustrious king rested a while at Pushkara during the noon, Oh Raghunandana. While resting there, the renowned Sunassepa came to the excellent Pushkara and saw Visvamitra, his uncle, performing penance there along with other Rishis. Distracted with toil and thirst and with woeful countenance and an aggrieved heart, he fell on the lap of the Sage, Oh Rama, and told these words:—"I have got neither father nor mother, neither kith nor kin. It therefore behoves you, Oh gentle one, to protect me in accordance with virtue, Oh foremost

of ascetics. You are indeed the protector of all, Oh best of sages, you are their refuge. The king's object also should be fulfilled and I should also live long without deterioration and enjoy the svarga after having performed unexcelled penance. You are the lord of me, who am without any protection. Be pleased to favour me. Oh knower of virtues, it behoves you to protect me like a father from this calamity." Hearing his words Visvamitra of great penance appeased him in several ways and told his sons thus—"That for which fathers get well-wishing sons *viz.*, the welfare in the next world, that time has now arrived. This young son of a sage now seeks refuge in me. Oh sons, please me by saving his life. You are all of virtuous deeds and you are all bent on righteousness. You had better become the *Pasus* for this king and confer satisfaction to Agni. Sunassepa will thereby become possessed of a protector, the sacrifice will be completed without obstacles, the gods will be satisfied and my words also would have been followed." Hearing the words of the Sage his sons Madhushyanda and others replied, Oh best of men, haughtily

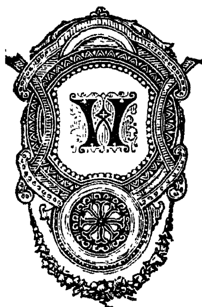
and tauntingly. "How is it, Oh lord, you destroy your sons and protect other's sons. We consider this as heinous just like eating dog's flesh." Hearing those words of his sons, the best of sages, became enraged and burst with fury. "You have uttered this audacious speech which is censured by virtue. You have treated with scorn my words and uttered this shocking speech which makes one's hair stand on end. You shall all become eaters of dog's flesh just like the sons of Vasishtha in breed and shall live in the earth for full thousand years." Having thus cursed his sons, that best of sages told Sunassepa after first assuring him of his undiminishing protection. "When you stand tied to the post of Vishnu bound in sacred ropes and wearing red garlands and sandals, glorify Agni with these praises. Chant these two divine verses, Oh ascetic's son, at the sacrifice of Ambarisha and thence you shall obtain your object." Sunassepa secured those two verses with all attention and in great haste approached that lion of kings Ambarisha, and said "Oh lion among kings, let us go quick to the sacrificial assembly.

Go back, Oh best of kings, and enter into *diksha*." Hearing those words of the ascetic's son, the king was filled with delight and repaired at once to the sacrificial ground without any lethargy. With the consent of the *Sadasya* the king tied that *pasu* to the post having first invested him with all purificatory marks and with a red garment. Tied thus to the post, the ascetic's son with unblemished speech praised the two gods Indra and his younger brother duly. Then Indra became pleased at that secret praise and granted long life to Sunassepa. That king also, Oh best of men, obtained the end of his sacrifice and by the grace of the thousand-eyed Indra, Oh Rama, was favoured with several kinds of fruits. The virtuous Visvamitra also of great penance again performed penance, Oh best of men, at Pushkara for thousand years.





CANTO LXIII.



HEN the thousand years had completed and the mighty sage had fulfilled his vow, all the gods approached him desirous of conferring upon him the fruit of his penance. The exceedingly lustrous Brahma told him these sweet words—"May good betide you. You have become a Rishi by your own laudable exertions." Having addressed him thus, the lord of the gods went back to the celestial regions and the highly effulgent Visvamitra again performed penance. Then after the lapse of a long time the supremely beautiful Apsaras Menaka came to Pushkara to bathe, Oh best of men.

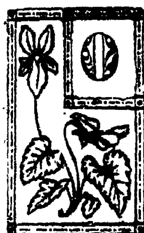
The son of Kusika, the highly effulgent Visvamitra saw Menaka. She was unequall-ed in beauty like lightning in the clouds. The Sage came under the control of Kandarpa's might and told her thus—"Wel-come to you, Oh Apsaras, live here in my hermitage. Favour me. May good betide you. I am troubled by Cupid." Thus addressed, she of elegant form resided at that hermitage. Thus the greatest obstacle to penance reached Visvamitra. While she was living there at the hermitage of Visvamitra happily, ten years passed away, Oh Raghava. Then in course of time the great sage Visva-mitra awoke as it were and fraught with anguish and grief, memory came and the following thought coupled with anger arose, Oh Raghunandana. "This is all the work of the celestials, for destroying my mighty penance. Ten years have passed away imperceptibly as if it were a day and night. Thus while I was blinded by love, the obstacle has approached me," Grieving with repentance, the best of sages sighed heavily. Seeing the Apsaras Menaka, frightened and trembling with folded hands, the son of

Kusika dismissed her with sweet words and went towards the Northern Mountains, Oh Rama. Resolving firmly in his mind, to perform severest penance, the illustrious Visvamitra approached the banks of the Kausiki and fiercely set himself to austerities. When thousand years passed away, as he was thus performing terrible penance in the Northern Mountain, Oh Rama, the devas became frightened and they held a consultation along with the hosts of rishis. "This son of Kusika may well obtain the title of Maharishi." Hearing the words of the devas, the Grandsire of all the worlds spoke these sweet words to Visvamitra rich in penance. "Oh Maharishi, we welcome you, child. Pleased with the severity of the penance, we give you the title of Mahat as well as the eminence of a Rishi." Hearing those words of Brahma, Visvamitra rich in penance, replied the Grandsire with folded hands—"If the lord is pleased to confer on me the unequalled title of Brahmarishi as a reward of my own auspicious austerities, then I shall consider myself as having controlled my senses." Brahma replied him thus—"In

that case you have not controlled the senses. Try again, Oh best of sages." Saying thus he went back to the celestial regions. When all the gods had departed the great sage Visvamitra performed penance with hands upraised and without any support and with air as his food. In summer, he had the five fires around him and in the rainy season, he was exposed to the skies. In the cold season, he stood in the waters day and night. Thus that sage of rich penance performed terrible penance for thousand years. When the great sage Visvamitra performed penance thus, there was a great confusion among the gods and Indra. Indra along with all the maruts told Rambha, the Apsaras, the following words good for himself and bad for Kausika.



CANTO LXIV.



H Rambha, this great work of the celestials should be performed by you *viz.*, the disturbing of the penance of Kausika by blind love. Thus addressed by the wise thousand-eyed Indra Oh Rama, that Apsaras became shy and replied the lord of the celestials thus with folded hands—"This great sage Visvamitra, Oh lord of the gods, is terrible. He is sure to vent his fierce anger on me, Oh lord. There is no doubt about that. Hence only I fear. Be pleased to favour me." When Rambha said thus on account of fear, Oh Rama, the thousand-eyed Indra told her who was trembling with folded hands—"Don't fear, Oh Rambha, may good betide you. Do my behests. I shall assume the form of a lovely Kokila captivat-

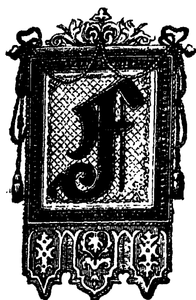
ing the heart in the Spring crowned with graceful trees and stay by your side in company with Kandarpa. You had better assume the highly resplendent form of diverse blandishments and seduce, Oh Rambha, this sage Kausika rich in penance." Hearing his words the nymph assuming unexcelled loveliness of form bewitched Visvamitra with her smiles. The Sage heard this sweet note of the warbling Kokila and with a rapturous heart beheld the fair one. When he listened to the mellifluous voice of the incomparable singing and saw Rambha, the Sage began to hesitate. Knowing it to be the act of the thousand-eyed Indra, the best of sages, the son of Kusika enraged with fury cursed Rambha. "Since, Oh Rambha, you endeavour to seduce me who am bent upon subduing my anger and lust, you shall, Oh luckless one, remain as a stone for ten thousand years and a highly effulgent Brahmin full of the might of penance shall deliver you, Oh Rambha, from the stain of my anger." Saying thus the highly effulgent and great sage Visvamitra became filled with remorse, unable to contain his anger. In

consequence of that mighty curse, Rambha became converted into a stone. Hearing the words of the great Sage, Kandarpa also ran away. When the highly effulgent Sage found his asceticism reduced by anger and found his senses also not yet subdued, Oh Rama, he did not obtain peace of mind. When his store of penance was reduced, he thought within himself thus—"I shall no more get angry nor shall I say anything to anybody. I shall not even breathe for hundreds of years. Controlling my senses I shall dry up my body until I earn as a result of my penance the Brahmanahood. Without breathing and without food I shall stay for countless years. Engaged in austerities my body will not deteriorate." Thus the foremost of ascetics bound himself, Oh Raghunandana, to lead an unparalleled life of self-denial.





CANTO LXV.



ORSAKING the northern direction, the great Sage went to the eastern quarter and there performed dreadful penance for thousand years. He observed the unequalled vow of silence and performed the highly difficult and incomparable penance, Oh Rama. When the thousand years were completed, the great Sage appeared like a dry stick and though several obstacles beset him he did not get angry. With a firm mind, Oh Rama, he performed undiminished penance. When at the end of thousand years, his vows were completed, he of great vows began to partake of food, Oh best of

Raghus, and just at that time Indra assuming the guise of a Brahmin begged of him the food that was ready. He gave away all that ready food to the Brahmin and when there remained nothing, the lord of mighty penance, with a firm heart and without eating anything kept the vow of silence not talking anything to that Brahmin. Then for a thousand years the best of sages did not breathe and when he controlled the breath, there arose the smoke on his head and confused by that smoke all the three worlds began to burn as it were. Then the gods with gandharvas, pannagas, uragas and rakshas were all bewildered and were dimmed by the lustre of that penance. Afflicted with grief, they all told the Grand-sire thus—"By various means we have distracted and enraged the great sage Visva-mitra. But still he increases in penance. We cannot see in him even the slightest sin. If you do not confer on him what he desires in his mind, he will destroy by his penance all the three worlds both movable and im-movable and the directions are bewildered and nothing shines forth. The oceans are

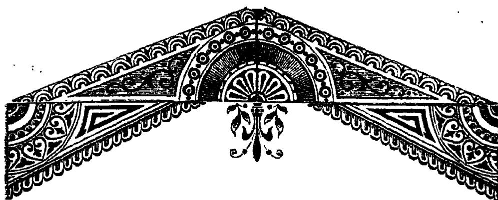
turbulent and the mountains are shattered, the Sun is lustreless on account of the lustre of the great Sage. The Earth quakes and the wind blows tempestuously. Oh Brahman, we have no remedy and mankind has become atheistic. All the three worlds are stupefied with highly troubled minds. The great Sage, the lord of high effulgence resembling fire itself should be pacified, Oh lord, before he bestows a thought upon destruction. He is sure to burn all the three worlds like Kalagni of old and hence even if he desires the dominion of the celestial regions, please grant him. Then all the hosts of celestials with the Grandsire at their head approached the noble Visvamitra and told these sweet words—"Oh Brahmarishi, we welcome you as such. We are highly pleased with your penance, Oh Kausika. By your severe penance, you have obtained Brahmanahood. Along with the maruts, we give you long life as well, Oh Brahman. May you prosper well. May good betide you. Go happily, Oh gentle one." Hearing the words of the Grandsire as well as the celestials, the great Sage became pleased and bowed to them and

said—"If I have obtained Brahmanahood as also long life, then let Omkara, and Vashatkara and the Vedas as well shine in me. Let me be the best of the knowers of Kshtra-Veda, and also of the knowers of Brahma-Veda and let the son of Brahma, Vasishtha also speak to me thus, Oh gods. When this, the supreme desire of mine, is fulfilled you may go back, Oh best of gods." Then, solicited by the gods, Vasishtha, the best of those who repeat mantras made friends with the Brahmarishi and said "So be it." He said "You are a Brahmarishi. There is no doubt about that. Everything shall prosper for you." Saying thus all the gods went their ways. The virtuous Visvamitra also having obtained the excellent Brahmanahood adored the Brahmarishi Vasishtha, the best of those who repeat mantras, and roamed all the world over with his object fulfilled and staying in penance. Thus was Brahmanahood obtained by this noble Sage, Oh Rama and this best of sages is penance incarnate. He is always bent on dharma, and is the supreme abode of valour. Saying thus, the highly effulgent and excellent Brahmin

ceased. Hearing the words of Satananda in the presence of Rama and Lakshmana, Janaka spoke to Kausika these sweet words—"I am fortunate. I am blessed, since you, Oh bull among sages, have deigned to grace my sacrificial ground along with Kakutstha, Oh virtuous one. I am purified by your sight, Oh great sage Visvamitra, Oh illustrious one and the most excellent of Brahmarishis. By your sight, different kinds of good have been obtained by me. The detailed story of your great penance that was narrated, Oh Brahman, was heard by me as well as by the noble Rama and all those assembled here have heard of thy various perfections. Unrivalled is your asceticism and immeasureable is your valour, unequalled are thy qualities, Oh son of Kusika. There is no satiety, Oh lord, in hearing the marvellous tales of yours. But Oh best of ascetics, the hour for doing the daily duties has arrived and the Sun is about to set. To-morrow morning, Oh highly effulgent one, it behoves you to see me again. I welcome you, Oh best of those that perform penance. It behoves you now to permit me." Thus addressed, the best of sages praised

Janaka, the bull among men, and dismissed him with a pleased heart. Having thus spoken to the best of sages the lord of Mithila, Vaideha, went round him along with the preceptor and relations and the virtuous Visvamitra also in company with Rama and Lakshmana went to his halting place adored by all the sages.





CANTO LXVI.



CLEAR was the morning and the lord of men, on completion of his daily duties, sent for the noble Visvamitra together with Raghava. Having adored him with all due rites in accordance with the Sastras and having also welcomed the two noble Raghava Princes, the virtuous Janaka spoke thus—"Oh lord, I welcome you. What shall I do for you, Oh faultless one? You should command and I am fit to be ordered by you." Thus addressed by the noble Janaka, the virtuous sage, cognizant of speech, replied to that hero—"These two are the sons of Dasaratha, are Kshatriyas and are world-renowned. They are eager to see the excel-

lent bow that remains with you. Show it to them. May good betide you. By the sight of the bow, the Princes would feel gratified and they will then go back as they list." Thus addressed, Janaka told the great Sage—"Be pleased to hear what for the bow stays here.

There was a king known as Devarata, sixth in succession from Nimi. Oh lord, this was placed in his hands as a trust by the noble lord Isvara. In days of yore, the highly powerful Isvara took up this bow at the destruction of the sacrifice of Daksha and having shattered the celestials, mockingly spoke thus with great ire. "Oh gods, since you have not apportioned me my share when I claimed it, I shall with this bow break your invaluable and beautiful bodies." Then all the gods became frightened, Oh bull among sages, and began to propitiate the lord of gods, and then He became pleased. With a pleased heart He gave all those noble gods their desires. This gem of a bow thus belongs to the god of gods, the supreme Isvara. It was then placed as a trust with our ancestors, Oh lord.

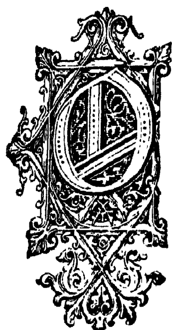
While I was ploughing in the field

there arose from the edge of the plough—and as I was examining the ground I obtained her—she, known by the name of Sita. Risen from the ground she grew up as my daughter. I made my daughter, of no mortal birth, the prize for valour and some kings, Oh bull among ascetics, came and asked me for the hand of my daughter, as she grew up after her rise from the ground and for all those lords of the Earth who asked her of me, Oh lord, I replied that she is the prize for valour and so did not give that daughter. Then all those kings assembled together, Oh best of sages, and coming to Mithila, they were eager to test their valour. And to satisfy their eagerness for ascertaining their strength, the bow was brought. None of them could either hold the bow or wield it. Then Oh great sage, finding the strength of all those heroic kings to be of little use, they were all sent back. Please know this, Oh rich in penance. Then all the kings with great anger, doubtful as to their own prowess, besieged Mithila. Those excellent kings considering themselves as deceived by me, became filled with great rage and began to harass the city of Mithila.

Then at the end of one year, when all my resources were exhausted, Oh best of sages, I became greatly afflicted with grief. Then I delighted all the gods by my penance. The gods became highly pleased and granted me the four-fold forces. Overwhelmed by those forces and destroyed by them, the kings of wicked deeds ran away in all directions without any valour and doubtful of their strength and with their ministers. Such is the supreme glory, Oh tiger among sages, of this lustrous bow. I shall show it to both Rama and Lakshmana, Oh you of pure vows and if Rama succeeds in stringing the bow, Oh sage, I will give to that son of Dasaratha my daughter Sita, not of woman born."



CANTO LXVII.



ON hearing the words of Janaka, the great sage Visvamitra, asked the king to show the bow to Rama. Then the king Janaka, commanded his ministers to fetch the celestial bow adorned with sandals and garlands. Commanded by Janaka, the ministers entered the city and came out with the bow at their front in accordance with the commands of the king The eight-wheeled box in which the bow was placed was drawn with great difficulty by five thousand stalwart men of well-developed frames. Having brought that steel box in which the bow was placed, the king's ministers told Janaka who resembled a god — "This best of a bow, Oh king, was worshipped by all kings. Oh lord; show it if it pleases

Then at the end of one year, when all my resources were exhausted, Oh best of sages, I became greatly afflicted with grief. Then I delighted all the gods by my penance. The gods became highly pleased and granted me the four-fold forces. Overwhelmed by those forces and destroyed by them, the kings of wicked deeds ran away in all directions without any valour and doubtful of their strength and with their ministers. Such is the supreme glory, Oh tiger among sages, of this lustrous bow. I shall show it to both Rama and Lakshmana, Oh you of pure vows and if Rama succeeds in stringing the bow, Oh sage, I will give to that son of Dasaratha my daughter Sita, not of woman born."



CANTO LXVII.

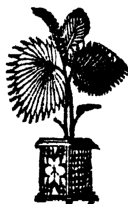


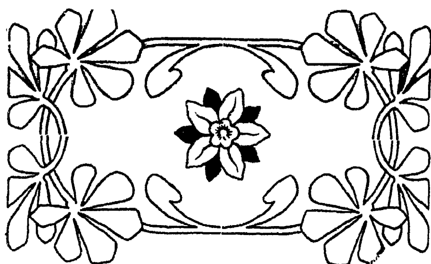
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you." Hearing their words, the king with folded hands spoke to the noble Visvamitra and the two princes Rama and Lakshmana. "This best of a bow, Oh Brahman, was worshipped by the long line of Janakas. It was likewise worshipped by those warrior kings who were unable to wield it. It was not possible for either the gods or Asuras, or Rakshasas, or Gandharvas, or the best of Yakshas or Kinnaras or the great Uragas to fully wield the bow or twang it or string it or shake it or even lift it up. What need be said about men? Such an excellent bow has been brought here, Oh bull among sages, please show this, Oh illustrious one, to the princes." The virtuous Visvamitra, hearing the words of Janaka, said to Raghava—"Child Rama, see the bow." In accordance with the words of the Brahmarishi, he approached the box in which the bow was placed and after seeing it he said—"This best of a bow, Oh Brahman, I shall touch with my hand and I shall try to lift it up and wield it." Both the sage and the king consented to it, and with great ease and sportingly he caught hold of the middle of the bow in accordance

with the words of the Sage and as thousands of men were looking on, the virtuous Raghunandana sportingly stringed that bow. Having stringed it, the virtuous hero twanged it and that best of men, the most illustrious Rama thereby broke the bow in the middle. The noise produced in consequence was great and resembled thunder, and there was quaking of the Earth also as though the mountain broke into pieces. Confused by that noise, all the men except the best of sages, the two princes and the king, fell down. When the people recovered, the king, freed from fear and versed in speech, with folded hands told that bull among sages—"Oh lord, I have seen the prowess of Rama the son of Dasaratha. It is exceedingly marvellous and unthinkable. It was never expected by me. My daughter Sita having obtained Rama the son of Dasaratha, shall surely bring lustre to the family of Janakas and my vow that she is the prize for valour has been made true. Oh Kausika, my daughter Sita, who is dearer to me than life itself, shall be given to Rama permitted by you, Oh Brahman. Let my ministers quickly go to

Ayodhya in swift cars and with humble words fetch the king Dasaratha to my city, Oh Kausika. Let them tell all over that the prize for valour is to be given away. Let them also tell king Dasaratha that the two Kakutstha princes are being well protected by the Sage and let them bring quickly the king with a delighted heart." Kausika also said "So be it," and the virtuous king calling his minister instructed them to send messengers to Ayodhya.





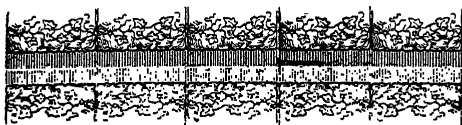
CANTO LXVIII.



COMMANDED by Janaka, the messengers having spent three nights on the way entered the city of Ayodhya with their horses tired. Reaching the palace of the king, they told the gate-keepers thus—"Let the king be immediately informed that we are the messengers of Janaka." Thus addressed, the gate-keepers communicated it to king Raghava and in accordance with his instructions these messengers were allowed entrance into the palace. There they saw the old king Dasaratha bright like the

gods and the messengers with folded hands and free from fear bowed to the king and spoke these sweet words—"King Janaka, the lord of Mithila, in sweet and affectionate words repeatedly enquires after the undiminishing welfare of yourself along with the preceptor and purohit. After having enquired after their complete welfare, Mithila's lord Vaideha by the permission of Kausika addresses you thus—"You know already that my daughter was vowed by me to be given away as the prize for valour and that several kings were thereby enraged and were turned away having been found powerless. That daughter of mine, Oh king, has now been won over by your warrior-son who chanced to go over here led by Visvamitra. Further, Oh king, that divine bow was broken in the middle by the noble Rama at the end of the sacrifice in the midst of the large concourse of people. Hence my daughter, whom I had fixed as the prize for valour, should be given to this noble prince. Therefore I fulfil my vow and it behoves you to permit me. May you be pleased to go over here quickly along with your preceptor and purohit and see the

princes. May good betide you. It behoves you, Oh best of kings, to fulfil my pleasure. You shall also encompass the pleasure of your two sons. Thus spoke sweetly the lord of Videhas permitted by Visvamitra and approved by Satananda." Saying thus the messengers ceased desirous of the dignity of the king. Hearing the words of the messengers, the king became exceedingly delighted and told Vasishṭha, Vamadeva and all the other ministers—"Protected by the son of Kusika the increaser of the joy of Kausalya, lives in the country of Videhas along with his brother Lakshmana. The noble Janaka has seen the prowess of the Kakutsthas and desires to grant his daughter to Raghava. If you are pleased with the proposal of the noble Janaka, we shall quickly go to his town. Let there be no delay." The ministers together with all the noble sages said "So be it," and the king also became delighted and directed the ministers to start the very next day. All the ministers were highly entertained during the night by the king and spent the time happily enjoying all excellent qualities.



CANTO LXIX.

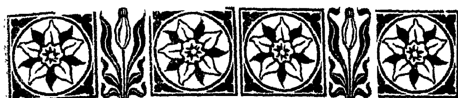


ING Dasaratha together with his preceptor and relations told Sumantra with a delighted heart when the night passed away. "Let all the guardians of the treasury take with them plenty of money and various precious gems and go in advance with all care. Let all the four-fold forces come out quickly from all directions, and at my command let excellent horses and vehicles march out. Let Vasishtha, Vamadeva, Jabali and Kasyapa and the long-lived sage Markandeya and like-wise Katyayana let all these Brahmins go forward. Yoke my car. Let there be no waste of time. The messengers urge me to speed." At the words

of that best of kings, the four-fold forces followed behind that king who was marching along with the sages. After having travelled for four days they reached the country of the Videhas and the illustrious king Janaka hearing of it welcomed them. Then approaching the old king Dasaratha, Janaka became pleased and the old king also became immensely delighted and the best of men with a delighted heart told that excellent king—"I welcome you, Oh great king. Fortunately you have come here, Oh Raghava. You shall now experience the pleasure obtained by the prowess of your two sons and it is my fortune that has led here the glorious sage Vasiṣtha the highly effulgent, along with all the best of Brahmins just like Indra with the gods. Fortunately all my obstacles have been overcome and fortunately my family has been honored by the alliance with the two noble and most heroic princes of the line of Ikshvakus. To-morrow morning, on the completion of my sacrifice, Oh best of kings, it behoves you to have the marriage performed in accordance with the approval of the sages." Hearing those words of Janaka in

the midst of the sages, the king, the best of those who are cognizant of speech, replied to that lord of the Earth—"I have heard long ago that a gift is under the control of the giver. So we shall do just as you say Oh knower of dharma." Hearing those words of the eternal king chiming in with dharma and conducive to fame, the lord of Videhas became wonderstruck and then all the hosts of sages spent the night happily rejoicing at the mutual meeting. The king Dasaratha also became pleased at the sight of his two sons and spent the night joyfully, splendidly entertained by Janaka, and the highly effulgent Janaka also, the knower of truth, performed duly everything necessary for the sacrifice and for his two daughters and then reposed for the night.





CANTO LXX.



ORNING dawned and Janaka the skilled in speech, with his rites completed and in company with the great sages, told his purohit Satananda thus—"My younger brother who is exceedingly virtuous and highly effulgent is known as Kusadhvaja. He lives in the lovely town of Sankasya close to whose lofty ramparts flows the river Ikshumati and which is sacred and bright like the aerial car Pushpaka. I wish to see him. I consider him to be the guardian of my sacrifice. That highly effulgent one will participate with me in this joy." When he told these words in the presence of Satananda, rvants promptly came and Janaka

commanded them and in obedience to the commands of the king, they went with swift horses to fetch the tiger among kings, like divine messengers sent to fetch Vishnu at the command of Indra. Arrived at Sankasya they saw Kusadhvaja and faithfully informed him of the intentions of Janaka. Hearing the news conveyed by the highly powerful and best of messengers, the king Kusadhvaja came in obedience to the instructions of the lord of men. He saw the noble Janaka who was always partial to dharma and having bowed to Satananda and the highly virtuous king, he ascended the divine seat fit for kings. Those two brothers of unequalled splendour were duly seated and then the two heroes directed the best of ministers Sudamana thus—"Oh best of ministers, go quick to the scion of the Ikshvaku race of unrivalled splendour and fetch that irrepressible one along with his sons and ministers." He immediately went there and saw Dasaratha, the enhancer of the race of Raghus. After bowing to him he spoke thus—"Oh lord of Ayodhya, Oh hero, Vaideha the lord of Mithila is eager to see you along with your

preceptor and purohit." Hearing the words of that best of kings, the king in company with his hosts and sages and relations went to the spot where stayed Janaka. That king in company with his ministers, priests and relations told Vaideha these excellent words—"You know already, Oh king, that the glorious sage Vasishṭha is the spiritual guide for all the Ikshvakus and he is the spokesman on all occasions. Permitted by Visvamitra and all the great sages, the virtuous Vasishṭha will duly speak now on the line of the Ikshvakus." When Dasaratha resumed silence, the glorious sage Vasishṭha, skilled in speech, told Vaideha together with his purohit—"The eternal, permanent and undeteriorating Brahma sprang from the Unmanifest. From him proceeded Maricha and Maricha's son was Kasyapa. Kasyapa begot Vivasvan and Manu is considered as coming from Vivasvan. Manu was Prajapati of yore and his son was Ikshvaku and know that Ikshvaku as the king of Ayodhya of old. Ikshvaku's son was known as the illustrious Kukshi and Kukshi's son was the graceful Vikukshi. The powerful and highly

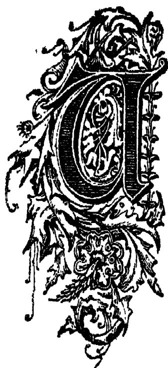
effulgent Bana was the son of Vikukshi and Bana's son was the illustrious Anaranya. Anaranya begot Prithu and Prithu's son was Trisanku. From Trisanku sprang the famous Dundhumara and from Dundhumara came the highly powerful and bright Yuvanasva. Yuvanasva's son was the lord of the Earth Mandhata. From Mandhata sprang the glorious Susandhi and there were born two sons for Susandhi named Dhruvasandhi and Prasenajit and Dhruvasandhi's son was the renowned one known as Bharata. From Bharata was born the highly effulgent Asita in whose time there arose the enemies Haihayas, Talajanghas and the heroic Sasabindus. He fought with them and was driven out of his kingdom in the battle. With his two wives he came to the slopes of the Himalayas and there the weak king Asita paid his debt to Nature. Both his wives were known to have been pregnant and one of them for the purpose of destroying the embryo of her fellow-wife gave her poison. Just at that time the great sage Chyavana, the son of Bhrigu, was staying at that best of mountains, the Himalayas. One of these

two wives, the fortunate one with eyes like lotus-petals approached the divinely bright Bhargava and bowed to him and prayed for an excellent son. When that Kalindi approached him and worshipped him, the Brahmin sage replied her who was desirous of a son—"From your womb, Oh glorious one, a lovely son, highly illustrious, highly powerful and highly effulgent will be born ere long. He will be born along with poison. Don't be afraid, Oh lotus-eyed one." Having bowed to Chyavana, the chaste princess grieving for the loss of her husband gave birth to a son. Since the fellow-wife gave her poison (*gara*) for the puropose of destroying her embryo, the child was born together (*saha*) with that poison and hence he was known as Sagara. Sagara's son was Asamanja and from Asamanja came Amsuman. Dilipa was the son of Amsuman and Dilipa's son was Bhagiratha. From Bhagiratha came Kakutstha and Kakutstha's son was Raghu. Raghu's son was the puissant and old Purushadaka known latterly as Kalmashapada. From him was born Sankhana. From Sankhana came Sudarsana and Agnivarna from Sudarsana. Agnivarna's

son was Sighraga and Sighraga's son was Manu. Manu's son was Prasusruka. The lord Ambarisha came from Prasusruka. Ambarisha's son was the truly heroic Nahusha and Nahusha's son was Yayati, and Nabhaga was born of Yayati. Nabhaga's son was Aja and from Aja came Dasaratha. From this Dasaratha are born the two brothers Rama and Lakshmana. I now solicit, Oh king, your daughters on behalf of the heroic and truthful Rama and Lakshmana, who are born in the family of the Ikshvakus, who are exceedingly virtuous and whose kings are pure from the very commencement of the line."



CANTO LXXI.



VASISHTHA spoke thus and Janaka replied him with folded hands—"It behoves you to hear me reciting our line. May good betide you. While giving away the daughter it is but fit that the genealogy should be exhaustively repeated by one born of that line, Oh best of sages. Therefore listen to me, Oh great sage.

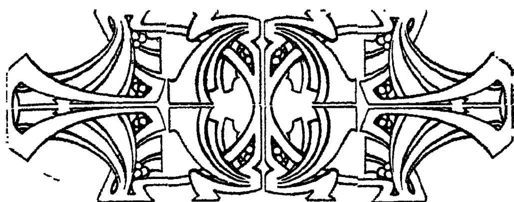
"In days of yore there existed a king renowned in all the three worlds by his own deeds, highly virtuous and the best of all living creatures named Nimi. His son was Mithi and Prathama was the son of Mithi. From Prathama sprang the king Janaka and from Janaka was born Udavasu. From Udavasu was born the virtuous Nandivar-

dhana. Nandivardhana's son was Suketu by name. Suketu's son was the highly powerful and virtuous Devarata and from the Rajarishi Devarata came Brihadratha. From Brihadratha came the powerful warrior Mahavira and Mahavira's son was the mighty Sudhriti who had truth for his prowess. Sudhriti's son was the highly virtuous Dhrishtaketu. From the Rajarishi Dhristaketu sprang the renowned Haryasva. Haryasva's son was Maru and Maru's son was Pratindhaka. Pratindhaka's son was the virtuous king Kirtiratha. Devamidha was the son of Kirtiratha and the wise Mahidhraka was the son of the intelligent Devamidha. Mahidhraka's son was the highly powerful king Kirtiratha and from the Rajarishi Kirtiratha was born Maharoma. From Maharoma sprang the virtuous Svarnaroma and from the Rajarishi Svarnaroma was born Hrasvaroma. From that highly virtuous and noble king were born two sons. I am the elder and the younger is my brother, the warrior Kusadhvaja. Installing myself in the Kingdom, my father the lord of men, entered the forest after entrusting Kusa-

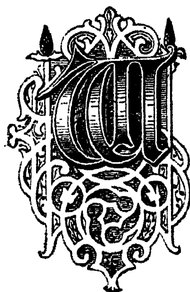
dhvaja also to my care. When the old father attained svarga, I ruled the kingdom in accordance with virtue and affectionately brought up my brother, the divinely bright Kusadhvaja. Sometime after there came from the city of Sankasya, the powerful king named Sudhanvan who besieged the city of Mithila. He sent word to me asking me to give him this excellent bow of Siva and the lotus-eyed girl Sita. By my refusing to give the same, Oh Brahmarishi, there was a regular fight between us and in the battle that king Sudhanvan was slain by me. Having slain that king Sudhanvan, Oh best of sages, I installed my brother Kusadhvaja as king of Sankasya. He is my younger brother and I am the elder one, Oh great sage. I give with great pleasure both the girls, Oh best of sages. I give Sita to Rama, may good betide you, and Urmila to Lakshmana. I give thrice my daughter Sita who resembles a divine girl and whom I have fixed as the prize for valour and also the second one Urmila. There is no doubt about that, Oh king, be pleased to have the ceremony of *godana* performed for Rama and Lakshmana. Also cause the rites

for the *pitris* to be done which form part of the marriage ceremonies. May good betide you. To day is Magha, Oh powerful one. On the third day, Oh illustrious king, when the Uttaraphalguni is on the ascendant let the marriage be performed for Rama and Lakshmana. Meanwhile, Oh king, let gifts be made which are fore-runners of happiness."





CANTO LXXII.



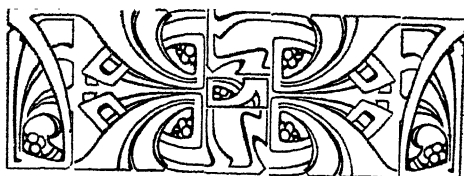
HEN the lord of the Videhas spoke thus, the great sage Visvamitra in company with Vasishtha spoke thus to that warrior king—"Both the line of the Ikshvakus and Videhas are incomparable and incomprehensible. Oh bull among men, there is none to equal them. The alliance of Sita and Urmila, Oh king, with Rama and Lakshmana is indeed worthy in all ways. It is worthy both by virtue and by elegance of form. I have something more to say, Oh best of men, please listen to my words—Your younger brother, Oh virtuous

one, is Kusadhvaja and this virtuous younger brother has got two daughters of unmatched beauty in this earth. We solicit, Oh best of men, those two girls as wives for the prince Bharata and the wise Satrughna. We solicit those two girls, Oh king, for these two noble princes. These sons of Dasaratha who are endowed with youth and beauty resemble the Lokapalas or the guardians of the world and all of them are equal to the celestials in prowess. The line of Ikshvakus is faultless and yours is of holy deeds. Let both these lines be bound together by this alliance, Oh best of kings." Hearing the words of Visvamitra spoken with the approval of Vasishṭha, Janaka with folded hands replied both those great sages—"I consider my race to be fortunate since both these bulls among sages have of their own accord commanded that the alliance with this family is worthy. Let it be as stated by you. May good betide us These two daughters of Kusadhvaja shall become the wives of Satrughna and Bharata On the same day, Oh great sage, let all the four highly powerful princes receive the hands of the four princesses. The learned, Oh

Brahman, consider the day of Uttaraphalguni, when Bhaga is the Prajapati, as the most auspicious one for marriages." Having spoken these gentle words, the king Janaka rose up and with folded hands told again the two best of sages—"You have conferred immense virtue on me. I am always your disciple. Oh best of sages, may you be pleased to sit on this best of thrones. For this kingdom belongs to Dasaratha even as Ayodhya now belongs to me. There is no doubt about the mastery. Hence it behoves you to do as you think fit." When Janaka the lord of Videhas spoke thus, king Dasaratha, the Joy of the Raghus, was delighted and replied the lord of the Earth—"Both of you brothers, the lords of Mithila, are of countless virtues. The rishis and the hosts of kings have all been well entertained by you. May you attain prosperity. May good betide you. We shall now retire to our dwellings. We shall have all the sraddha ceremonies duly performed." Thus taking leave of them, king Dasaratha the highly illustrious, went to his abode preceded by the two sages. Having reached his abode,

the king had the sraddha ceremonies performed in accordance with the prescribed rules and rising up early in the morning performed the excellent *godana* ceremony. The lord of men gave away to Brahmins hundred thousand cows one after another in consideration of the welfare of his sons. The Joy of the Raghus, who was exceedingly fond of his sons, gave away to the Brahmins four hundred thousand cows decked with golden horns and coupled with calves and bronze milking vessels as also plenty of other kinds of wealth in consideration of the *godana* ceremony of his sons. Surrounded by the sons, who had completed the *godana* ceremony the king shone like tho lovely lord, Creator, surrounded by the Lokapalas or the world's guardians.





CANTO LXXIII.



UDHAJIT the warrior, the son of the king of the Kekayas and the uncle of Bharata, came on the very day in which the king performed the excellent *godana* ceremoney. After seeing the king and enquiring of his welfare he spoke thus—"The lord of the Kekayas affectionately enquires of the welfare. They, of whose welfare you are anxious to hear, are now all right. Desirous of seeing my nephew, Oh best of kings, I came to Ayodhya. Hearing there, Oh Raghunandana, that your sons have gone to Mithila along with you for the purpose of getting

married, I quickly came here, Oh Raghunandana, eager to see the marriage." Then the king Dasaratha beholding that welcome guest, entertained him with all kinds of hospitality. Then having spent that night with his noble sons, early in the morning he again rose up and finished the daily rites. The knower of duty then saluted the sages and approached the sacrificial ground. Then when the lucky hour named Vijaya arrived, Rama in company with his brothers adorned with all ornaments, with all the auspicious preliminaries completed, approached his father's side led by Vasiṣtha and other sages and stood there surrounded by his brothers. The lord Vasiṣtha then approached the king Janaka and spoke thus—"King Dasaratha in company with his sons who have performed all the auspicious preliminaries, Oh best of men, is eagerly expecting the giver. All acts are ratified indeed by both the giver and the receiver. Do you therefore, perform your duty by celebrating this excellent marriage." Thus addressed by the noble and generous Vasishtha, the highly effulgent Janaka, the knower of supreme duty replied—

"Oh Saint, what warder bars the gate? Whose bidding is awaited? What hesitation is there in one's own house? This kingdom is your own. Having performed all the auspicious preliminary ceremonies, my daughters, Oh best of sages, have approached the foot of the altar and shine bright like Fire. I am ready, seated at this altar eagerly expecting you. Let everything be done without any let or hindrance, Oh king, what need for delaying further?" Hearing those words of Janaka, king Dasaratha asked all his sons and the hosts of sages to enter. Then the king of the Videhas told Vasishṭha thus—"Oh sage, in company with the virtuous sages, cause everything to be done, everything connected with the marriage ceremonies of the charming Rama." The glorious sage Vasishṭha also said "So be it," in reply to Janaka, and in company with Visvamitra and the virtuous Satananda, the sage of great penance erected the dais in accordance with the rules in the middle of the canopy and had it decorated all around with sandals and flowers and golden *Palikas* with perforated vases full of sprouts, with platters rich

with shoots, with censers full of fragrant powders, with conchs, sruvas and sruks and vessels full of Arghyas, with numerous dishes full of *lajas* and with well-prepared *Akshatas*. Having duly spread in accordance with mantras darbha-grass of equal length and having placed the Fire on the dais with the due mantras, the highly effulgent and glorious sage Vasishtha began to pour the offerings on the flame. Then king Janaka, approached his daughter decked with all ornaments and placed her by the side of the Fire facing Rama and addressed thus the enhancer of the Joy of Kausalya. "This is Sita, my daughter, thy partner in the performance of all dharma. Receive her. May good betide you. Take her hand by your hand. Faithful to her lord and highly glorious, she will always follow you like shadow." Saying thus the king sprinkled the water purified by mantras, as the gods and sages were exclaiming "Well done, well done." The celestial drums resounded and there was a great shower of flowers. Having thus given away his daughter Sita, with water purified by mantras, king Janaka became filled with delight and

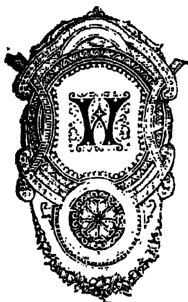
said—"Come on, Oh Lakshmana, may good betide you. Receive my daughter Urmila. Take her hand. Let there be no delay." Having told him thus, he spoke to Bharata—"Take the hand of Maṇḍavi with your hand Oh Raghunandana," and the virtuous lord of Janakas spoke to Satrughna also—"Oh highly powerful one, take the hand of Srutakirti with your hand. May all of you be gentle with your wives leading excellent lives, Oh Kakutsthas. Let there not be any delay." Hearing the words of Janaka, all the four of them with the approval of Vasishṭha touched with their hands the hands of the four brides. Having gone round the Fire and the best of the kings, the four excellent and highly noble descendants of Raghu together with their wives went round the Rishis and performed the marriage ceremonies in accordance with the prescribed rules. When those lovely hands were accepted by the Kakutsthas, there was a tremendous and brilliant shower of flowers from the skies and the hosts of Apsaras danced in tune to the music of the celestial drums and the Gandharvas also sang sweetly. It was indeed marvellous to behold

that marriage of those excellent descendants of Raghu and as the heavenly music's sound was still ringing, these excellent Raghus went round the Fire thrice and completed the marriage of their wives. Then all those Raghunandanas together with their wives went to their abodes, and seeing them, the king followed in company with the hosts of sages and relations.





CANTO LXXIV.



HEN the night passed away, the great sage Visvamitra taking leave of those two kings went to the Northern Mountain. When Visvamitra went away after blessing all the princes including Raghava with his blessings, the king Dasaratha took leave of Vaideha the lord of Mithila, and started for his own city. The lord of men followed that king for a while. Then the king of Videhas gave plenty of dowry. The lord of Mithila gave several

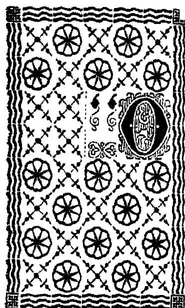
hundreds of thousands of cows, excellent shawls and crores of white cloths and elephants and horses and cars and infantry of divine form well adorned. The father of the girls gave them also excellent servants and servant-maids. With great pleasure he gave as noble dower, gold and silver and pearls and corals. Having given plenty of dowry, the lord of Mithila took leave of the monarch Dasaratha and re-entered his own capital Mithila and the lord of Ayodhya also in company with his noble sons and headed by all the sages went on his way followed by his army and attendants. As that tiger among men was wending his way together with Raghava and the Saints, the birds began to utter frightful cries all around and all the beasts of the Earth began to go to the right. Beholding them, that tiger among kings asked Vasishtha thus—"These birds of evil omen utter dismal cries and the beasts run to the right. What does this portend? My heart trembles and my mind grieves." Hearing these words of the king Dasaratha, the great Sage replied in sweet words—"You had better hear the result of this. These dismal

cries of the birds portend dreadful impending evil. But these beasts indicate restored peace. So leave off your fear." As they were conversing thus, there blew a strong wind shaking all the Earth and felling all the great trees. The sun became clouded with gloom and the directions could not be clearly seen. Everything became enveloped in dust and that army became stupefied. Vasishṭha and the other rishis, the king and his sons were the only people that retained their senses while everything else became lifeless as it were. In the midst of that terrible gloom in which the army looked as it were covered with dust, the king saw that represser of kings, the dreadful Bhargava, the son of Jamadagni wearing a head of matted locks, irrepressible like Kailasa, unbearable like Kalagni, blazing like fire with his energy, incapable of being seen distinctly by the people, with axe on his shoulders equipped with a bow with its lightning-like collection of arrows, looking like god Siva when he slew Tripura with his matchless bow by discharging his excellent arrow. Beholding him of dreadful appearance, resembl-

ing flaming fire, Vasishtha and all the others who were ever bent upon japa and homa assembled together and began to converse in secret. "Enraged on account of the slaughter of his father, is this one bent upon exterminating the Kshatriyas? Having formerly slaughtered the Kshatriyas and pacified his anger and assuaged his heat, it can never be his object now to annihilate the Kshatriyas again." Saying thus, they took Arghya and approached Bhargava of terrible appearance and the sages addressed him in sweet words saying—"Oh Rama, Oh Rama." Accepting the homage rendered him by the Rishis, that powerful one Rama, the son of Jamadagni spoke to Rama, the son of Dasaratha.



CANTO LXXV.



H Rama son of Dasaratha, I have heard of thy marvellous heroism. I have heard also all about the breaking of the bow—that wonderful and incomprehensible breaking of the bow by you. Hearing of that I have come here taking with me another auspicious bow. You had better wield this dreadful and mighty bow of Jamadagni and by fixing your arrow on it display your prowess. Having witnessed your might in wielding this bow I shall offer you mutual combat which shall increase the glory of your valour." Hearing those words of his, king Dasaratha, with a mournful countenance and with folded hands, spoke thus in pitiful tones—"Your ire against Kshatriyas has been appeased and you are a Brahmin of high renown. My sons are all youngsters and it behoves you to offer them

protection. You are born of the race of Bhargavas who are engaged in reading the Vedas and observing the vows and you have renounced arms having sworn to that effect to the thousand-eyed Indra. Bent on virtue, you have renounced the Earth to Kasyapa and having gone into the forest you have made Mahendra your home. Oh mighty Muni, you have now come here to destroy my army, for when you kill the one Rama, none of us shall live." When Dasaratha spoke thus, the powerful son of Jamadagni, without taking heed of his words, spoke again to Rama—"These two bows surpassingly excellent, divine, renowned all over the world, strongest and very powerful, and extraordinary, were very carefully made by Visvakarma. One of these was handed over to Tryambaka by the celestials for the destruction of Tripura and that, Oh best of men, has been broken by you, Oh Kakutstha. This second one is irrepressible and was given to Vishnu by the celestials. Hence this bow of Vishnu, Oh Rama, which is capable of conquering hostile cities, is of equal strength with the bow of Rudra, Oh Kakuts-

tha. On that occasion, all the celestials enquired of the Grandsire, desirous of witnessing the comparative mights of the gods Siva and Vishnu. Learning of the object of the gods, the Grandsire, the best of the truthful ones caused ill-will between them. Owing to that ill-will there arose a terrible fight between them which caused the hairs to stand on end. When both Siva and Vishnu fought with each other, with a mutual desire for victory over the other, Siva's bow of terrible prowess flew back at the menacing sound and the three-eyed Mahadeva stood motionless. Then all the gods along with the sages and Charanas hurried to the spot and entreated the two best of gods to get themselves pacified. Beholding Siva's bow expanded by the prowess of Vishnu, the gods together with the rishis considered Vishnu as more powerful and the highly enraged Rudra handed the bow with its shafts into the hands of the illustrious Rajarishi Devarata of the line of Videhas. And this bow, Oh Vishnu, capable of conquering hostile cities was handed over by Vishnu as an excellant trust to Richika the son of Bhargava, and the

highly effulgent Richika gave the divine bow to my father, his son of immeasureable deeds, the noble Jamadagni. When it was pledged with my father who was full of the strength of penance, Arjuna with mean motives compassed the death of my father. Hearing of the sad and terrible death of my father, I became enraged and destroyed all the Kshatriyas again and again as they sprang up in numbers and gave the whole of the Earth which I had brought under my sway to the noble Kasyapa of sacred deeds as Dakshina at the end of the sacrifice, Oh Rama. Having made this gift, I was living happily in the Mahendra hill frequented as it is by gods performing penance. Hearing now that you of excellent prowess, Oh highly powerful Rama, have broken the bow, I came here quickly. So, for the sake of your Kshatriya honor, receive this excellent and mighty bow of Vishnu which had belonged to my father and grand-father and fix the arrow capable of destroying hostile towns to this excellent bow. If you are able to do it, Oh Kakutstha, I shall then offer you mutual combat."



CANTO LXXVI.

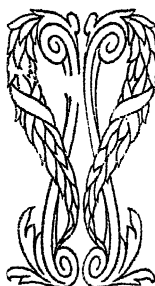


HEARING those words of Jamadagni's son, the son of Dasaratha, checking himself in consideration of the presence of his father, told Parasurama thus—"I have heard of the deeds performed by you, Oh Bhargava. We approve, Oh Brahman, of what you have done to free yourself from the debts of your father. You now insult me, Oh Bhargava, and consider my strength as too feeble for a warrior. Behold now my energy and prowess." Saying thus the enraged Raghava of fleet vigour took the bow and arrows from the hands of Bhargava and wielded it and stringed it and then with great fury Rama spoke to Jamad-

agni's son Parasurama. "You are respected by me because you are a Brahmin and also on account of Visvamitra. Hence I am not able to discharge the arrow that would take your life. Which of these shall I destroy, Oh Rama, thy aerial course or the unequalled celestial regions which you have earned by the strength of your austerities? This divine shaft of Vishnu, capable of destroying hostile cities with its prowess, destroying the conceit of the mighty ones is never discharged in vain." All the gods from all over, together with the hosts of rishis, with the Grandsire at their head, and the Gandharvas and Apsaras and Charanas and kinnaras, Yakshas, Rakshasas and Nagas assembled there to behold the wonderful sight of Rama wielding that excellent weapon. When Rama wielded that excellent bow, the whole of the Earth became stupefied and Parasurama the son of Jamadagni became completely powerless and saw Rama. With his energy and power gone, the son of Jamadagni became stupefied and spoke slowly and haltingly to the lotus-eyed Rama. "When in days of yore, I gave away this Earth to Kasyapa, Kasyapa told

me that I must not live here. Out of respect to that guru's words I do not live during nights in the Earth. I have made that vow, Oh Kakutstha, to Kasyapa. Therefore, it does not behove you, Oh Raghava, to restrain my aerial course. I shall go swiftly to the excellent Mahendra hill. The unequalled worlds that have been earned by me, by my penance, Oh Rama, you had better destroy by this excellent arrow. Let there be no delay. From the way in which you handle the bow, I know you as the best of gods, and the destroyer of Madhu, and the eternal one. Hail to thee, Oh vanquisher of foes. All these celestials assembled here are beholding you of wonderful deeds and without an antagonist in fight. There is nothing here to be ashamed of for me, Oh Kakutstha, that I am baffled by you, the lord of the three worlds. You are free to discharge the matchless arrow, Oh you of noble vows. When the arrow is discharged, I shall go to the best of mountains Mahendra." When Rama the powerful son of Jamadagni spoke thus, Rama the illustrious son of Dasaratha discharged the excellent arrow. Beholding the worlds

earned by him destroyed by Rama, the son of Jamadagni, quickly went to the excellent mountain Mahendra. Then all the quarters cleared, and the gods together with the rishis praised Rama who raised that mighty bow, and Rama the son of Jamadagni, having extolled Rama the son of Dasaratha, came round him and went his way.



CANTO LXXVII.



N the departure of Parasu-rama, Rama the son of Dasaratha, with peaceful mind, handed over the bow with the shafts to Varuna of immeasurable strength. After bowing to Vasishtha and other sages, Rama found his father senseless and the Joy of the Raghus spoke to him thus—"Rama the son of Jamadagni has gone away. Let the four-fold forces proceed towards Ayodhya, protected by you." Hearing the words of Rama, king Dasaratha embraced his son with his hands and smelt Raghava in the crown of his head. When he heard that Parasurama was gone, the king became delighted and considered himself and his son as born again. He urged his forces to speed

and went quickly to his lovely city adorned with standards and streamers and resounding with sounds of victory, with its royal streets watered and beautiful with flowers sprinkled all around. The king entered the town decked by the citizens who looked cheerful on account of the approach of the king, and who were full of auspicious utterances. Welcomed from afar by the citizens as also by the twice-born ones inhabiting his capital, the illustrious and highly renowned king, entered his beloved palace huge like Himavat, followed by his lovely sons. The king together with his relations, rejoiced in his house with all his desires fulfilled. Kausalya and Sumitra and the lovely-hipped Kaikeyi and all the other queens became engaged in receiving the brides. The king's wives received the glorious Sita, the illustrious Urmila, and the two daughters of Kusadhvaja, graced with silken apparel and shining with auspicious pastes. They all worshipped at the temples of the gods and having bowed unto all the elders and all the priests, enjoyed great delight with their husbands in secret, and those bulls among men having obtained

wives and become accomlished in weapons, lived happily attending to their father together with immense wealth and friends.

Then after the lapse of some time, king Dasaratha told his son Bharata the son of Kaikeyi thus—"Oh child, the son of the king of the Kekayas Yudhajit the warrior and your uncle is waiting here to take you to his town." Hearing the words of Dasaratha, Bharata the son of Kaikeyi began to start in company with Satrughna. Taking leave of his father and of the brave Rama and all his mothers, that best of men, the hero Bharata went together with Satrughna. When Bharata had departed, Rama and the highly powerful Lakshmana honored their father who was bright like the gods. Following the commands of their father they attended to all the state duties. The virtuous Rama, performed everything that was good and pleasing and with all-attention Rama attended to his mother's desires also. He attended to the wishes of his gurus also on every occasion. Thus Dasaratha as well as the Brahmins and all the citizens became mightily pleased with Rama having truth for

his prowess who appeared to all the creatures as the most virtuous and the most illustrious like *Svayambhu*. Rama lived happily with Sita for several seasons. Sita was dear to Rama because she was the wife procured by his father. With his heart dedicated to her, he loved her for each charm she wore. By her excellent qualities and her lovely form, the love between them increased and her husband came to exercise double influence on her heart, so much so that each heart completely read the inmost sentiments of the other. That child of Janaka, the daughter of Maithila grew fairer and fairer till she shone bright like the celestials, so much so that Sita became another Lakshmi in form. Rama the son of the Rajarishi happily united with this lovely princess looked extremely graceful and bright just like the Lord of celestials Vishnu coupled with Lakshmi.

